

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 30, 1961

25 CENTS

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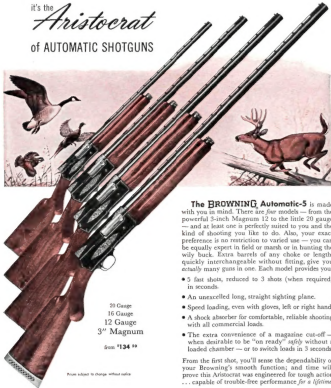
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Next week

One of the quietest and loudest sports in the world is touring. Flying on airplanes unpowered aircraft. Ray Terrell describes his entry into the magical world of sailplanes and of thermal.

In their own private revolt against the space age, a growing number of yachtsmen are beginning to turn back to the sea, view that delightful design that grandfather used to love.

Kobe, our best hope, will represent the U.S. in Europe's international next month. Whitney Tower tells how he rates against English, French and Russian entries in the big race.



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ROBERT LEWIS
WeatherWear

"Strega" (above) treated with a new, microscopic rainwear coating. Body and hood enriched with shearling-look pile lining made with "Orlon Sayelle". About \$39.95 at Helle Bros., Cleveland.

THE ONLY THING YOU CAN'T TAKE WITH YOU IS THE ROOM. If there is a clear trend in American business, it is the inconsistency of a man's office. However, today's executive needn't settle for stock-modern. He can have one of the most elegant, efficient, expensive offices of them all—and take it with him, even if it's only up the hall. The Herman Miller Traveling Office.

Herman Miller designed this office to look as permanent as any good old cherry-paneled office of the past. Yet just about anybody could put it up or take it down.

Most men think it looks as serene and smart and unconscious as an office can look. Yet every square inch of it is busy working. The office variation shown here, for instance, files bills, organizes stationery, hides a dictating unit, intercom, clock, barometer, push button gasel and a staggering amount of miscellany. Only the desk is simple and it is typical of the desks Herman Miller is famous for: a clean, contemporary cut of great teak or walnut. Total price: about \$1350.

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PRO HOCKEY SCHEDULE

National Hockey League games through December 23

OCTOBER 26

Chicago Black Hawks in Montreal.
Detroit Red Wings in Boston.

OCTOBER 26

Detroit Red Wings in Montreal.
New York Rangers in Toronto.

OCTOBER 29

Montreal Canadiens in Detroit.
Toronto Maple Leafs in New York.
Chicago Black Hawks in Boston.

OCTOBER 31

New York Rangers in Chicago.

NOVEMBER 1

Montreal Canadiens in Toronto.

NOVEMBER 3

Boston Bruins in Montreal.
New York Rangers in Detroit.

NOVEMBER 4

New York Rangers in Montreal.
Chicago Black Hawks in Toronto.

NOVEMBER 5

Toronto Maple Leafs in Detroit.
Chicago Black Hawks in Boston.

NOVEMBER 7

Toronto Maple Leafs in Chicago.

NOVEMBER 9

Boston Bruins in New York.

NOVEMBER 9

Toronto Maple Leafs in Montreal.
Boston Bruins in Detroit.

NOVEMBER 11

Chicago Black Hawks in Montreal.
Detroit Red Wings in Toronto.

NOVEMBER 12

Montreal Canadiens in Detroit.
Toronto Maple Leafs in Boston.
Chicago Black Hawks in New York.

NOVEMBER 15

Montreal Canadiens in Toronto.
Detroit Red Wings in Chicago.

NOVEMBER 16

Montreal Canadiens in Boston.

NOVEMBER 16

Montreal Canadiens in New York
(afternoon).
Detroit Red Wings in Toronto.

NOVEMBER 16

Montreal Canadiens in Chicago.
Toronto Maple Leafs in New York.
Detroit Red Wings in Boston.

NOVEMBER 22

Detroit Red Wings in New York.

NOVEMBER 23

Detroit Red Wings in Montreal.

continued



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HOCKEY SCHEDULE (continued)

Toronto Maple Leafs in Chicago.
New York Rangers in Boston.

NOVEMBER 26

Boston Bruins in Montreal.
New York Rangers in Toronto.

NOVEMBER 28

Montreal Canadiens in New York.
Toronto Maple Leafs in Boston.
Detroit Red Wings in Chicago.

NOVEMBER 29

Montreal Canadiens in Toronto.
Boston Bruins in Chicago.

NOVEMBER 30

Toronto Maple Leafs in Montreal.
Boston Bruins in Detroit.

DECEMBER 2

Detroit Red Wings in Montreal.
Chicago Black Hawks in Toronto.
New York Rangers in Boston.

DECEMBER 3

Montreal Canadiens in Chicago.
Toronto Maple Leafs in Detroit.
Boston Bruins in New York.

DECEMBER 6

Chicago Black Hawks in New York.

DECEMBER 7

Toronto Maple Leafs in Montreal.
New York Rangers in Detroit.
Chicago Black Hawks in Boston.



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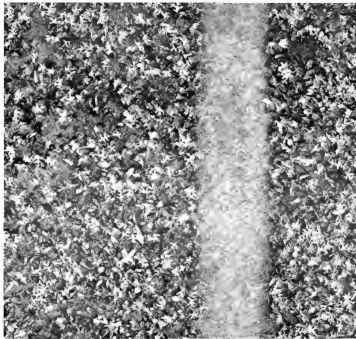
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ALEX DELVECCHIO, DETROIT RED WINGS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED OCTOBER 31, 1961



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a Parker sweeper

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How well do you know your geography of Italian wines?

No one country and no one region can claim to be the wine center of the world. However, certain wine centers on the map of Italy are becoming more and more famous for wines that grace the table of the true gourmet. How well do you know your geography of fine Italian wines?

From Lake Garda: the exclusive wines from the House of Falesan. Choose red Bardolino, so delightfully light and refreshing. Valpolicella red to top off roasts and poultry. Famed Soave, the soft, dry white wine for fish and chilled foods. Chianti del Garda rose wine a delicacy in itself, the perfect complement to any dinner.

From Pontassieve, near Florence, comes Rufino Chianti, best-loved of all Italian wines. Rufino is the name that made Chianti world famous.

From Turin since 1835, the first year-month ever exported from Italy, Cora Vermouth, praised as a cocktail glasser but lately increasingly popular as an aperitif and on the rocks.

From Asti, the lively, lovely, Cora Asti Spumante. This sparkling white wine is a celebration in itself and does so much for fruit, ice and cheese desserts.



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CHIANTI



FOLEGNARI
WINES



CORA
VERMOUTH



CORA ASTI
SPUMANTE



DON MCKENNEY, BOSTON BRUINS

HOCKEY SCHEDULE continued

DECEMBER 9

New York Rangers in Montreal.
Boston Bruins in Toronto.
Chicago Black Hawks in Detroit.

DECEMBER 10

Montreal Canadiens in Boston.
Toronto Maple Leafs in New York.
Detroit Red Wings in Chicago.

DECEMBER 12

Boston Bruins in Chicago.

DECEMBER 14

Boston Bruins in Detroit.

DECEMBER 16

Boston Bruins in Montreal.
New York Rangers in Toronto.

DECEMBER 17

Montreal Canadiens in Detroit.
Toronto Maple Leafs in Boston.
New York Rangers in Chicago.

DECEMBER 20

Detroit Red Wings in New York.

DECEMBER 21

Chicago Black Hawks in Montreal.
Detroit Red Wings in Boston.

DECEMBER 23

Detroit Red Wings in Montreal.
Boston Bruins in Toronto.
Chicago Black Hawks in New York.

END



CHRYSLER '62 / features the new full-size 300 -a high performance sports-series in a popular price range!

It's a new Chrysler '62! And, again, it's at a price that puts sweeping "300" performance well within your reach! The other significant Four seat variations include automatic, bucket seats, frontiers. All engine options, from 200 to 300, are available. 500 horsepower. These speed-up look-alikes, combined with the new 300's styling, have tested it as a "biggie".

Here's a full-size sedan, a true quad (four doors, two rows), Newport-style New York back seat, Chrysler's new styling. With over 100 options, it's a great deal, too, for styling and safety. Unlike any other, it's a design that makes you in look and comfort. New 300's styling is a true 100-horsepower only at 32,000 mile intervals. New 300's styling is a true 100-horsepower only at 32,000 mile intervals. New 300's styling is a true 100-horsepower only at 32,000 mile intervals.



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NEWPORT ■ 300 ■ NEW YORKER ... AGAIN NO JR. EDITIONS TO COMPROMISE YOUR INVESTMENT!

Be a brilliant hostess twice in one evening with Hiram Walker's Cordials!



First, a touch of inspiration—serve ice cream, cake or fruit with a dash of Hiram Walker's Cordials for a triumphant dessert. (Try Creme de Menthe over vanilla ice cream, for instance.)

Then, a touch of genius—after dinner a flourish of Hiram Walker's Cordials. Guests will be twice-flattered (they'll never know how easy it is to make the simple recipes below). All you need is a few bottles of Hiram Walker's Cordials.

They cost surprisingly little but do so much for you as a hostess. Stock up today!

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For exciting drink and cooling recipes with Cordials, send 10 cents for a "Complete Cordial Cookery and Cocktail Guide" to Hiram Walker, Incorporated, Dept. 4, Box 20000, Detroit 23, Michigan. Offer does not apply where prohibited by state law.



ANGEL SHAPES Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's Creme de Menthe over it to fill glass, serve with two small colored straws.

STINGER 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Menthe, 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Shake thoroughly with crushed ice and strain into 2 oz. cocktail glass.

TWO-STEP 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cassis, 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe. Pour Creme de Cassis first. Then add Creme de Menthe, pouring it gently down the inside of glass. The specific gravities will separate the two liquids.

MERRY WIDOW 3/4 oz. Hiram Walker's Cherry Flavored Brandy, 1/2 oz. Maraschino. Shake lightly with ice. Strain into small glass and serve with a cocktail cherry.

ANGEL'S TAP Fill a liqueur glass 3/4 full of Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cassis. Then add fresh cream slowly, pouring over the back of a teaspoon so that cream will float on top of liquor.



SCORECARD

IRREVERENT HISTORY

"The best seats in the house," writes Robert Smith in his new history of baseball, "were all sold on a season basis to business firms. The Stadium Club was invented to provide mediocre food and drink at first-class prices to season subscribers. And the top brass of the Yankees hid itself in a small luxury apartment behind the stands that looked as if it had been built for the country's President."

If Mr. Smith's descriptions of the New York Yankees and their Stadium seem irreverent, then make the most of it; they are. In fact, some may find *Baseball Is America* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 276 pages, \$10) slightly irreverent throughout, because Smith is a baseball fan who has examined the game from its beginnings, included only believable anecdotes in his work and touched on what various people—good and bad—have meant to baseball throughout the years. Near the end Smith makes a perfectly valid statement, which will cause hackles to rise on the necks of Ford Frick and others of his act: "Of watching big-league baseball, apparently there is no end, even though the game itself is no longer as close to the lives of the people as it was long ago or as it sometimes supposes itself to be."

Smith, without actually saying so, nominates three personalities of recent years as men who have done the most for baseball: Jackie Robinson, Ted Williams and Bill Vecek. His description of Robinson is nearly perfect: "Any time he stood on third base he threatened to come all the way, and he brought back into baseball a thrill that had been almost forgotten—the headlong steal of home." Of Williams: "Ted took criticism no more lightly than any honest artist ever did, and his attitude toward hitting was that of an artist toward his work. He had his full heart in it. It was his very own, his beloved creation, and he was better at it than 98% of those who had ever tried it before." Of Vecek: "He revived, in his own manner, the theory first tested by Chris von der Ahe—that baseball is an

entertainment and that baseball business is a part of show business."

Baseball Is America is excellently illustrated with photographs and line drawings selected and arranged by Ralph Miller, the director of the Museum of the City of New York. It is probably the best baseball history ever compiled.

YEAR OF THE YEAR

All college bands performing at half time during this college football season can make things easier on themselves by swinging right into the numbers that make up 1961. The formation is readable from both sides of the field and enables the band to avoid making those frustrating and clumsy about-faces. Best do it this year, boys, because you won't get another such easy formation until 6009.

THE SIN OF EXCELLENCE

The superintendents of the eight high schools in the Suburban League—an outskirts-of-Chicago conference that is nationally recognized for academic and athletic excellence—have set a curious example for their students. They have voted to put New Trier High on probation because its swimmers continued to practice after their regular season had ended in order to stay in shape for the National AAU Championships. The boys swam on their own time and went to the Nationals, in New Haven, with their parents. Calling themselves the New Trier Swim Club, they swam so well they whipped all but three of the nation's best college teams, and one of the group, Fred Schmidt, went on to break the world record in the 100-meter butterfly. The superintendents ripped New Trier and proposed these rules:

- Varsity athletes may not use school facilities in sports in which they compete except during the competitive season.
- No coach may supervise recreational periods of the sport he is paid to coach.
- Athletes may not compete in events not sanctioned by the high schools.

This would mean that no Suburban League athlete could compete in AAU, national championship, or even U.S.

Olympic Trial competition unless he wanted to risk being declared ineligible to represent his school. A senior player could not play tennis for the fun of it on his school's courts once the season ended. Swimming coaches—some of whom kept their pools open for recreational swimming up to 15 hours a week after school—would have to let the pools and their teaching talent go to waste. A state track champion could not run on his school track from May until the following winter.

We grant that high school administrators should continue to guard against overemphasis on sports. But not with axes.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

There's a snake in the Fort Worth zoo with two heads. His name, of course, is Double Jeopardy. Lawrence Curtis, curator at Fort Worth, says Double Jeopardy has a split personality.

"That's always the big problem with biocapital animals," Curtis explained. "There is constant bickering between the two heads. When one head wants to sleep, the other wants to eat, and vice versa."

If you have two heads and you're a snake, Curtis says, it's better if one head dominates the other. Double Jeopardy's right head dominates the left. He has



good vision out of all four eyes (but was still unable to avoid capture by a Wichita Falls fisherman). Curator Curtis says that the snake is able to see all sides—and even more—of a situation.

BIC TRANSIT

Tommy Burns, the only Canadian ever to win the world heavyweight boxing championship, died six years ago in Vancouver, and his grave there is unmarked. His record would fill a large notebook. Now a committee of fight fans, led by former hockey star Frank (Cycolot) Tay-

—continued

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THE H. A. KEINSHIRE COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

SCORECARD *continued*

lar, is raising funds to remedy the neglect.

Burns was born Noah Bruess in Hamover, Ont. in 1883. He changed his name, because in those days the trademark of big fighters was an Irish name. After Jim Jeffries retired as heavyweight champion in 1905, a Kentuckian named Marvin Hart became champion. In 1906 Tommy Burns knocked Hart into oblivion in a 20-round title bout. Then Burns went into the ring against two men in one night, Jim J. Brice and Jim Walker, and scored first-round knockouts against both of them.

Not appreciated on this continent, Burns went round the world selling stuff in Ireland, France and Australia, hotly pursued by Jack Johnson. Johnson caught up with Burns in Australia, and on December 26, 1908 they had a gory, garrulous fight. Burns repeatedly tried to distract Johnson with curses, but in the 14th round Johnson pounded him silent.

Burns went on fighting in Canada until 1920. He opened a pub in London, then quit to run a speakeasy in New York, where one afternoon he felt what he interpreted as Heaven's hand on his shoulder. After he got religion, Tommy Burns preached millions of words, some of them confusing. When he died in 1955 in his 74th year, he was sure he had been saved. In his pockets were found not white cards reading: "Teen Burns, descendant of Universal Love." Four people were at his grave and two of them were gravediggers. Boxing has fallen on bad times, but it ought to be able to afford a marker with a tribute for Tommy Burns' bare grave.

THEY SAID IT

• Attorney General Robert Kennedy, speaking at the People-to-People Sports Committee's "Dinner of Champions" in New York: "I am ashamed to report that my father, who is 73, has never been beaten by any of his four sons in golf. We have all become resigned to the fact that he has determined that he won't be beaten."

• John Hadl, star back at the University of Kansas, on why he went to Kansas instead of Oklahoma: "Jack Mitchell [Kansas coach] heard I was thinking about going to Oklahoma. He came over to my house at 9 o'clock at night and was still talking at 2 the next morning. I decided I'd better go to Kansas so I could get some sleep."

• Paul Richards on the new baseball

—GORDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON FOR LIFE

Will there ever be another "Red" Grange?

In the 1924 game with Michigan, Harold "Red" Grange, Illinois' Galloping Ghost, set a record that never has been—and probably never will be—equalled in bigtime college football.

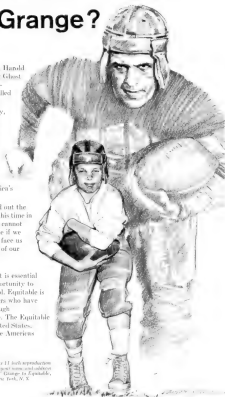
In the first twelve minutes of play, he ran 95 yards for a touchdown, 67 yards for a second touchdown, 50 yards for a third touchdown, and 43 yards for still another touchdown. The final score? Illinois 39; Michigan 14.

As an athlete, "Red" Grange did more than just set records or win games. He became a part of America's tradition of physical fitness.

Our national leaders have pointed out the importance of physical fitness at this time in history. They have stated that we cannot allow our physical vigor to decline if we are to meet the challenges which face us today. They recognize the fitness of our children and young people as the responsibility of all of us.

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For a handsome 7½ x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, and your name and address and the words "Red" Grange is Equitable, G.P.O. Box 9826, New York, N. Y.



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CRESCEENDO

SCORECARD continued

park his Houston team is building: "I don't have to pick players to fit the field; I can arrange the field to fit the players."

YANKEE, GO HOME

Roger Maris hurried home to Raytown, Mo., right after the World Series and proclaimed, "I want to get away from people." But last week, lured by a guarantee of \$16,000, he consented to appear before the public in five home run contests in various North Carolina cities. Along for the ride, at \$4,000 each, went Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew and Baltimore's Jim Gentile.

The results were disastrous. The customers just didn't seem interested; average attendance at each event was 948. The promoters took a bath for \$20,000 and the cost of some 40 dozen baseballs. And Maris didn't even win the contest. Killebrew outslugged him 55 to 46, and Gentile, despite blistered hands, slugged 39. In Greensboro it took Maris 45 swings to lift a 325-foot homer, prompting a fan to shout, "Hey, Roger, what d'ya do, hit 'em by the hour?" Another suggested that he move over to Latham Park, the local Little League playground.

Maris played his usual abrasive role throughout the trip. "Every place I go," he said, "I have to sit down with the newspapermen and photographers for an hour and a half. If it weren't for that, I could be sitting back and relaxing somewhere." Judging by the attendance, that would have been perfectly all right with the people of North Carolina.

LESSON IN LIVING

Stanley Matthews, C.B.E., the best outside right soccer has ever seen, 46 years old, an international legend, has gone back to his old local club, Stoke City, where he started 10 years ago. This, after 14 years with England's first-division Blackpool team. It's like hearing that Stan Musial has joined the Seattle Rainiers.

Matthews flies in the face of the Di-Maggio-Marciano-Williams tradition that you should quit when you're still good. But is anything lost by playing past your prime? Matthews doesn't think so. "I never think in terms of my reputation," he says. "I don't see why I should retire in a blaze of glory. When I lose my enthusiasm, that'll be the day."

Then Stanley Matthews, the old wizard whose very appearance on a soccer field used to turn defenders' legs to jelly,



The Timing of Sports Events

IT IS IN CHAMPIONSHIP sports events run "against the clock" that accuracy in timekeeping becomes all important. Here the watchmaker faces his greatest challenge. It is in this field in particular that Longines has won international acclaim for accuracy that is unquestioned by participant and official alike. The current International Equestrian events at Washington, D.C. and Madison Square Garden, New York are exclusively Longines timed. "May we add with pride, every Longines watch, for whatever its use, is made to be the best of its kind!"

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Longines Starlight Sonata JSP—Diamond case 14K gold crystal enhanced by 15 quality diamonds . . . \$295.



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...but what Leroux does with a mint leaf makes the others green with you-know-what!

If you think all Creme de Menthes are the same, think again. Better yet, try Leroux straight, or in a "Grasshopper". Mix one ounce Leroux green Creme de Menthe, one ounce Leroux white Creme de Cacao, and one ounce sweet cream or milk. Shake with cracked ice, strain into a 4-ounce glass. Delicious! And Leroux has been that way for more than a hundred years. No wonder people everywhere have found so many different occasions to enjoy Leroux... including bedtime!

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8mm Power-Zoom Camera
Gives the user and viewer
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went on to give a lesson in living. "You see," he said, "I may have a different outlook from a lot of people. I never think of what's gone by in the past. I always think what's going to happen tomorrow. I know what I'm going to do tomorrow—I'm going to enjoy doing it. Even if I only have a walk, I'll get the biggest thrill. I'm going to enjoy it. Sometimes you feel well.... But I count 10, I think it's going to be a grand day. I'll make it a grand day."

And a grand day it was when Stanley Matthews decided to go on playing.

5. SALES TAX 2003 7000 0000.00

Hollywood Strongman Jack Walsh needed publicity to pull up his new series of films for kids (he'll play "The Mighty Mr. Atom"). He pointed out that he had singlehandedly demolished a building, lifted an elephant and held back a revved-up DC-3. That's fine, the press said, but what have you done for us lately?

Well, Walsh announced through his press agent, he would ring a bull bare-handed—and to the death—at Tijuana Plaza Menuscript. The drums went boom and the cymbals clanged; sports editors were alerted; the population of Tijuana began choosing sides. Walsh proclaimed that he would dispatch the bull with a Karate blow to the back of the neck, or maybe by a quick elbow, or something. A 1,000-odd fighting he was made ready. But at the appointed time the ring was only half full: Tijuana didn't believe Hollywood's Samson was the real McCoy from Gaza. They were right. He didn't show.

THE INSIDE TRACK

4 Relations between Kansas City A's Owner Charles O. Finley and members of the staff of the *Kansas City Star* (circulation 337,482) have become so strained that no A's official will communicate with any *Star* reporter. The *Star* is using only brief A.P. dispatches about off-season Athletic donors.

* Departure of star Halfback Paul Hornung for the Army will dam the Green Bay Packers' championship prospects hardly at all. It will remove the pass-run option (from the Packers' offense and cost the team its best place kicker. But there will be little loss in overall power.

* Although bookmakers lost money last year on fixed basketball games, the big books will take basketball action again this year.

"IT'S
ALWAYS
OUT
AT
OUR
PLACE"



That's right, folks. The welcome mat is always out at Avis Rent-a-Car. And I mean at any hour of the day or night. Seems some wise-guy kids nailed it down on Halloween.



Avis RENT-A-CAR

[illegible]

Dry Sack on-the-rocks changed men's minds about sherry



Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks—the man's sherry—is so popular!

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Let $\mu = \mu_1 \otimes \mu_2$ be a product measure on $\mathcal{X} \times \mathcal{Y}$.



The Good Things of Life

Moments shared together develop a closeness that may never be expressed. The wise planning of life insurance is also a silent expression of the closeness between a man and his family.

- 1. A life insurance policy is a contract.
- 2. It is a contract between you and the insurance company.
- 3. It is a contract that will pay you or your family a certain amount of money when you die.
- 4. It is a contract that will pay you or your family a certain amount of money when you become disabled.



BANKERS LIFE OF NEBRASKA
LINCOLN



Like a bridge club running out of talk. Unlikely.

Not that Valiants don't use gas. They do. But not a lot. And a tankful lasts a mapful of miles. So, it's hard to run dry if you watch the gas gauge.

Chances are, our friend was turnpiking along, oblivious of the odometer. We'd like to think he was daydreaming about Valiant's Torsion-Aire suspension and how it homogenizes the highway. Or maybe he was completely spellbound over Valiant's rich engine and how it makes mountains out of mountains.

Anyway, he ran out of gas. And that's history.

Another famous date was August 17, 1961. A stock Valiant, in a special test, logged 430 miles at 40 mph and turned in a 32.2 mpg figure. Then it ripped off

390 more miles in four hours—a 96.6 mph clip. You won't get this kind of mileage. And you shouldn't drive this fast. But it shows how very versatile Valiant is.

Why not see your Plymouth-Valiant dealer this week? That's the place to buy one and be one. Buy a low-price Valiant, we mean. And be a Valiant owner! Style leader of the compacts, we modestly say, and a lot of important people who should know agree with us.

Just one thing: look at that gas gauge once in a while. We wouldn't want history to repeat itself.

Nobody beats VALIANT for value!

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GET STRONG WITHOUT MOVING

From California to New York, housewives, athletes and businessmen are taking up a no-sweat, no-pain system of muscle building

by GILBERT ROGIN

The Notre Dame football team does it enthusiastically. The San Francisco 49ers do it shyly. The Pittsburgh Pirates do it. Overweight girls in Baton Rouge do it. Star athletes like High Jumper Rob Avant and Basketball Player Bob Pettit do it, and weight lifters like Louis Riecke and Bill March swear by it.

What all these disparate types have been doing is not falling in love, as the song put it, but practicing a new-and-old form of exercise called "isometric contraction," or IC. And what is IC? It is pushing on brick walls, pulling on steel girders, squeezing baseballs, trying to lift freight cars. It is any kind of exercise in which the muscles strain and tense against an immovable object or each other for a few seconds without movement.

Little had been heard about isometric contraction until news of the Pittsburgh Pirates' "secret" training routine got out earlier this year. The secret (SI, July 24) was that the Pirates had introduced IC to their players under the direction of Jay A. Bender, Ph.D., professor of physical education at Southern Illinois University.

Since then, almost as though by underground railroad, IC has been popping up at all points of the compass. So have exploiters of the technique, and some of them are

continued

FOOTBALL CO-CAP-
TAIN Nabert Rice of Notre Dame strains in barely visible agony at blocking sled usually manned by seven men. This isometric exercise, one of four performed by Fighting Irish, is designed to strengthen leg muscles.

making claims that have not been heard since the days of snake oil. The fact remains that even the most extreme detractors admit that the system builds muscle.

Leslie Ruckie, for example, was lifting weights for 14 years with little success. Last November he stopped weight training and began a set of isometric exercises, pushing and pulling at an immovable bar for a mere 15 minutes a day, including rest periods. At the end of six months, he was able to press 300 pounds, 45 more than his previous high. He could snatch 305 instead of 285, and clean-and-jerk 375 instead of 335. In

brought IC up the river from his native Baton Rouge, introduced it informally to his trainees. Dozens of factors have gone into Notre Dame's markedly low injury rate this year; IC may well be one of them. (The same low injury rate is seen on the Pirates and the 49ers, where IC is used extensively.) Roy himself is a prime example of what the system can do for the physique. In nine weeks of isometric exercise, he added three inches to his chest, 2½ inches to his neck and 10 pounds to his weight.

Ipsissima High of Louisiana, a hotshot football school, uses IC almost exclusively. Says Coach James E. (Big Furry) Brown, "We feel it's the finest thing for body building and overall coordination

takeoff and decided to strengthen his leg muscles at that precise angle. I even built what he calls "the device" (below, right). Avant inserts his right leg in it and pulls with all his might. He considers this IC exercise the most important factor in converting himself from a 6-foot-8 high jumper to a 7-footer. It took two months.

Bob Pettit, star forward for the St. Louis Hawks, worked with IC for six weeks last summer and became measurably stronger, as indicated by weight-lifting tests. How helpful this new brain will be to him on the court is still unknown. "But any time you're stronger, you're better," says Pettit. "I don't know yet if I can jump higher, shoot better or play with more stamina. I'll know in February or March."



PATRICE MELLED 105 TO 130 POUNDS IN SIX WEEKS THROUGH IC AND MODERATE DIET

June, Ruckie, at the age of 34, earned a berth on the five-man U.S. Olympic weight-lifting team, which competed against Russia.

Bill March, who tried a form of IC before the 1960 Olympics but abandoned it, failed to qualify for the last Olympic Trials because he couldn't make the total three-event lift minimum of 825 pounds. In March 1961 he resumed isometric contraction in earnest. Two months later he won the national junior weight-lifting championship with 975 pounds, and last week he broke four North American records (see page 93).

But IC is not merely a gimmick for the Muscle Beach set. It appears to have genuine value in almost any sport, particularly in toning muscles and cutting down on muscle injury. Norbert Roy, co-captain of the Notre Dame football team,

we've ever had. This is also something old men like me [Brown is 54] can do. I've been doing isometric contractions myself for 30 seconds a day. I've lost two inches off my waist and 12 pounds."

Coach Red Hickey of the San Francisco 49ers (see page 22) admits that his shogunning team uses IC but refuses to talk about it, evidently considering it a secret weapon. When a sports columnist reporter asked whether he could discuss the subject with 49er Trainer Henry Schmidt, Hickey retorted: "If Schmidt talks to you, I'll fire him!" The 49er players, obviously well coached, clammed up when approached.

Professor Gene Logan of the University of Southern California, where High Jumper Bob Avant is a student, reckoned that the angle of the knee of Avant's push-off leg was 135° at the moment of

Holmed in Baton Rouge

Pettit and Roy did their IC work in Baton Rouge, which is no coincidence: the Louisiana capital is a hotbed of the system. Francis Drury, a Louisiana State physical education professor, was one of its earliest advocates, as was Trainer Marty Broussard, who has developed special IC equipment for LSU sprinters and football players. Broussard says he even has used IC to improve his golf game. Holding a club in various positions against immovable objects and straining the muscles employed at those points, he has lengthened his drives 15 yards. Dr. Drury and Alvin Roy, Norbert's uncle and the proprietor of a Baton Rouge health studio, predict that through isometric contraction all world records in weight lifting will be broken within the next year, every world track and field record within the next two years.

Another strong IC booster is Bob Hoffman, the meso-morphic Olympic weight-lifting coach. "It's the greatest thing the world's ever seen," he says. "I am absolutely awestruck at the miracles it has wrought. Let's make full use of this gift from heaven."

Doing just that, Bob Hoffman is manufacturing and marketing a "Super Power Rock," essentially a steel bar which can be set at various heights. Hoffman, 62, believes this is better for everybody (as well as for him) than using just any old immovable object. "It's easy to damage hotel bathrooms," he warns. "I was pulling against a washbasin, and I pulled it loose. In Kiev, our fellows were pushing from wall to wall, and one wall came down, much to our regret."

Hoffman has interested Dean Mahan, one of President Kennedy's fitness

advisers, is IC. "Recently," Hoffman has written, "Dean Markham spent a night at our home, and at 4 o'clock in the morning, he and I were training with the Super Proser Rack." Markham praises IC, but quickly points out that "the program is much too new at this time to be endorsed by the President."

Isometric contraction is, in fact, neither new nor revolutionary; but only recently has it been widely applied to a variety of sports. Arthur H. Steinhaus, Ph.D., of Chicago's George Williams College, notes that scientists in the early 1920s conducted experiments in which one leg of a frog was tied down while the other was left free. The muscle in the tied-down leg grew significantly.

Steinhaus contends you don't have to do repetitive exercises to build muscle, but he says athletes have been taught to suffer and any system that makes it easy seems wrong to them. "They like their sweat," he laments.

Steinhaus points to some IC limitations, however. "It does nothing for the heart or lungs," he says. "It does not increase endurance. It is strictly a system for increasing strength, and strength is only one aspect of fitness."

Dr. Peter Karpovich of Springfield College, another leading physiologist, says, "There are more claims than evidence. Isometric contractions will not build up endurance and stamina."

Karpovich does recognize IC as a valuable system for rehabilitating the handicapped. Indeed, it has been used to maintain and rebuild the strength of hospitalized and convalescent patients. Dr. W. T. Liberson, in a controlled study at a veterans' hospital in Rocky Hill, Conn., reported strength increases of up to 300%.

Wesley K. Ruff, associate professor of physical education at Stanford, takes a middle-of-the-road approach. IC, he says, can be helpful to the person without room or facilities for exercise (e.g., space travelers, long-distance drivers, deskbound office workers). It can improve all-around fitness, provided it is used along with exercises like running, which build up the cardiovascular and respiratory systems. And it can be helpful to people who have all the natural skills of their favorite sport but lack the needed strength. Not a complete answer, IC then must take its place among the more conventional forms of exercise, a valuable supplement but not a substitute. GIs and ex-GIs will be sorry to hear that calisthenics will be around for a few more years.

END



BASKETBALL STAR Bob Pettit of St. Louis, Hawks, jumps over a bar in his new, He made demonstrable gains in strength.

HIGH JUMPER Bob Pettit, who has cleared 7 feet 6 1/2 inches using the new device designed by Professor Gene Logan.



THE BEARS MAKE A POPGUN OF THE SHOTGUN

Shrewd old Clark Shaughnessy, who coaches the defense for the Chicago Bears, came up with a bewildering variety of defensive maneuvers to plug the barrels of the new San Francisco offense

By **TEX MAULE**

The San Francisco 49ers went east last week and trained for their game with the Chicago Bears in Milwaukee, where Coach Red Hickey felt they would be safe from prying Bear eyes. His preoccupation with security, it appears now, was justified. On the Thursday before the game, a man and his wife wandered into the stadium where the club was working out. Hickey escorted them out, gently but firmly. Later, perched on a nearby hill with a partial view of the field, the same man, who was watching the practicing 49ers through a pair of binoculars and was making notes, was chased off by Milwaukee police. There are still those who doubt that the man was a Chicago Bear operative, but judging by the result of the Bears-49ers game last Sunday in Chicago, he probably was—and a very good one at that.

For the first time since Hickey installed it last year, the San Francisco shotgun offense was completely muffled. To be sure, the Green Bay Packers beat the San Francisco team 30-0 earlier, but that was the old shotgun they defeated. It was after that loss—in which John Brodie did almost all of the quarterbacking—that Hickey went to his present system of routing three quarterbacks and beat the Detroit Lions 49-0, the Los Angeles Rams 35-0 and the Minnesota Vikings 26-24 on successive Sundays.

Last Sunday, using a wordlessly

complex defense, the Chicago Bears stopped this revised shotgun cold 131-0. Mastermind of the sliding, shifting, fluid and effective Bear defenses was Clark Shaughnessy, the man who is regarded as the father of the last great innovation in football, the T formation.

George Halas, the owner and coach of the Chicago team, has most to say about the Bear offense today—including its T formation, but it is Shaughnessy who devotes all of his time to coaching the Bear defenses. Shag—or the Old Man, as he is sometimes called—is a devotee, crafty tactician. Against the 49ers he devised a defense that seemed never to be the same on successive plays and which varied from a three- to a seven-man line. It rarely failed. The San Francisco team, which had gained 540 yards the week before, and 521 yards the week before that, gained a meagre 132 on the Sunday—and lost the ball three times on interceptions and three times on fumbles.

To smother the shotgun, Shaughnessy went back to an old defense. For years there had been no middle guard (the center man in a five-man line), but Shaughnessy had Bear Middle Linebacker Bill George playing middle guard a good deal of the time against the 49ers. The chunky George lined up on the shoulder of the San Francisco center line and again and barreled straight ahead. Often he reached one of the 49er quarterbacks at the end of his charge; when he didn't, he used up a San Francisco blocker and

someone else reached the quarterback. The three San Francisco quarterbacks—Bill Kliner, John Brodie and Bobby Waters—spent a long, harried afternoon scurrying desperately under the tremendous pressure exerted by George and the two other Bear linebackers.

The Bear ends—massive Doug Atkins (6 feet 8 inches, 235 pounds) and Maury Youmans (6 feet 6 inches, 235 pounds)—played head-on with the San Francisco wingbacks, and kept them from breaking in over the corner for passes. The center, of course, was vulnerable to passes when George deserted that area in favor of pursuing one or another of the San Francisco quarterbacks. So well did Youmans cover for George that when the game was over he was awarded the game ball by his jubilant, appreciative teammates.

Although the Bear defense was beautifully conceived and well executed, it should be noted that it did not, by itself, account for the downfall of the 49ers. A big, fullback-size rookie end named Mike Ditka, who scored two of the Bear touchdowns, had much to do with it. And Bill Wade, who was an often maligned and frequently ineffective quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, played very, very well at quarterback for the Bears. He let Duka time and again on a pass that is difficult to throw accurately to the end cutting straight across the field about 15 yards deep into the secondary. The ball must be thrown

FRUSTRATED GUNSMITH Red Hickey
spins fingers as he lectures San Francisco 49ers

with a precise touch and a perfect lead to a target moving very rapidly. Wade did this over and over again, and he varied the pattern with a couple of lovely long passes that dropped down directly into the hands of receivers some 90 yards away.

Actually, the 49ers did much to beat themselves. Said Hickey after the game, "We had a real bad day. But maybe a lot of that was the Bears' fault. I know they were a lot tougher up the middle than anyone else we've played. And you got to credit a lot of that to Bill George."

The Bears had had a small foray of the shotgun a week before this game, when the Baltimore Colts tried it. "We learned what not to do against the Colts," Shaughtnessy said. "We made our mistakes then. We knew what to do with San Francisco. But don't make the mistake of thinking the shotgun is not a fine offense. It can hit anywhere across the whole width of the field. It spreads the defense. That's what an offense should do."

Shaughtnessy spent some 100 hours in the week before the game against the 49ers perfecting his defense and he was still making minor refinements at 11 o'clock on the morning of the game, when the Bears reported to the dressing room at Wrigley Field.

Once in a while the Bears would rush seven men against the 49ers; now and then they sent in only four and dropped off seven to defend against the short passes of the shotgun. Although Shaughtnessy, like most coaches, is reluctant to divulge the details of his defense, it appeared that it was keyed to whichever quarterback was in the game. Brodie is the best passer of the three; the most runner; Bill Kärner is the best runner and the worst passer. Against Brodie, the Bears set up a passing defense; against Kärner, a running defense. Bobby Waters thrives better than Kärner, not as well as Brodie and runs better than Brodie, but not as well as Kärner. When he was in the game, the Bear defense was keyed to the situation, not the player.

The 49ers, understandably, were flat for this game; they lost the best blocker in their offensive line early when Rob St. Clair was injured. But that made little difference. This was a day when the Bears were loaded—and the shotgun was not.

END



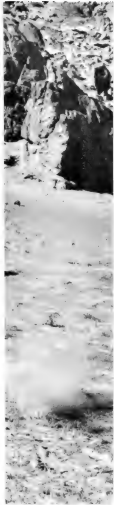




Jumping Jacques

Since it's the puck in the net, not the man, that counts, Montreal Canadian Goalie Jacques Plante is not hopping mad here. Rather he is showing the New York Rangers' Ken Schinkel a little mercy—a rare quality in the National Hockey League. As the new season got under way, Plante displayed his composure when Schinkel, driving for the goal, suddenly lost control of both the puck and his footing and began a perilous slide into the net. To make Schinkel's trip a little smoother by retracting his surgical-sharp skates from the glide path, Jacques, just as nimble as he was quick, jumped over Ken and his hockey stick.

Photo by [unreadable]





A Rocky Round for Mickey

Even though the Series was over and done, it was Yankee vs. Red vs. the rest of the National and American leagues once again at the Baseball-Celebrity Golf Tournament in Palm Desert, Calif. last week. As these pictures show, the Bronx Bombers' Mickey Vernon was right in there slugging. But, what with a sand trap here, a patch of rough there and a stretch of downright jungle elsewhere, Mick didn't do so well. His 256 for 34 holes (77, 97, 82) was well behind the 241 yanked by the Cincinnati Reds' Manager Fred Hutchinson and an even more discouraging 32 strokes behind the winner: Coach peanuts Louery of the Philadelphia Phillies (or).



A Colossal Cropper



This terrifying tumbled salad of tumbling horses, flying men, spinning sulky wheels and splintered shafts marked the end of a recent trotting race in Sweden. The race came a colossal cropper when the hind legs of a horse named King Rolfo (right) suddenly buckled beneath him. Rolfo went rump over mare, his driver shot forward almost out of the picture (left), and the horse and driver of the sulky just behind piled into the mess. By a miracle, everyone survived.

McGUIRE RAISES A STANDARD

Philadelphia's problem player, Wilt Chamberlain, gets a strong new coach—who may also force the pro game to change its brawling, hustling ways

by RAY CAVE



The opening game of that winter sport, professional basketball, comes as unexpectedly as a first snow, but a good deal earlier. Thus, the World Series had hardly ended and football little more than arrived last week when the nine teams of the National Basketball Association stopped exhibiting their talents in such byways as Fort Dodge, Iowa, Moses, Mo., and Morris, Ill., and moved into the big cities to start their first and fiercest spectacle once again.

They came, as always, with new plans, new hopes and new players. In the East the long-suffering majority of teams were anticipating that the champion Boston Celtics and their aging Bob Cousy might stumble at last, while in the West the worry was that the St. Louis Hawks would *not* stumble, partly because their massive and aggressive men in the forecourt had gotten no smaller over the summer, and partly because the squad had a brash rookie for its backcourt with the apt nickname of "Machine Gun." There was a new team, the Chicago Packers, which was sure to be troubled. And there was a new policy, that coaches must remain at their bench, which was certain to be broken—this being the volatile NBA where not only coaches, but players, owners, timekeepers, trainers and ice cream vendors consider it their God-given right to harass officials.

But none of these new aspects of the coming season compared in significance with the arrival in the league of a learned, strong and striking personality from the ranks of the college coaches, Francis Joseph McGuire. His job in coaching the Philadelphia Warriors. His challenge is to develop further and properly use the game's greatest individual talent—and toughest problem—Wilt Chamberlain. And his eventual effect may be to measurably change the character of professional basketball from the brawling, hustling, cigar-in-the-face and eye-on-the-tilt game it has been for decades to the major league sport which it longs and deserves to be.

A number of able college coaches have at one time or another joined the pros. Ford Schaus (West Virginia) of the Los Angeles Lakers and Eddie Donovan (St. Bonaventure) of the New York Knickerbockers are two of the most notable recent ones. But never before has the NBA gotten a coach who was as famous,

continued

TALKING STRATEGY, (above) McGuire battles with his forwards, Aron (left) and Gale.

CHALLENGE



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The golfing gift of 1961: new Royal Special L/P golf balls, preferred by so many top golfers! For Christmas, at no extra cost, one dozen come packed in beautiful simu-leather green or brown Book Ends ... half dozen in handsome

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS



ONLY THE ODOMETER KNOWS ITS AGE

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esteemed and skilled at handling athletes as Frank McGuire. In his nine years at the University of North Carolina he consistently produced a national basketball power. He did it with players he brought south from the streets of New York, and that he could do this despite the intense competition for metropolitan-area boys is indicative of the personality of the man. McGuire was born and raised in New York's Greenwich Village, the 13th child of an Irish cop. He worked on the docks, he played pro basketball (in the unwelcoming American League), he crunched at his alma mater, St. John's University, and he made lasting, loyal friends by the hundreds. It was through his friends that he recruited New York's best basketball players for a school and team 400 miles away.

An organizer, a disciplinarian and a good teacher of manners and morals as well as basketball, McGuire developed five All-America players at North Carolina. He won two conference titles, upset Witt Chamberlain's own Kansas team to win a national championship, and earned the favor of Carolinians, initially suspicious of a city-slicker Yankee, with his easy charm. "The best public-relations man we've ever had in North Carolina," said Governor Luther H. Hodges in 1957. This in spite of the fact that McGuire had once turned his deep-blue eyes and fearful frown on the state's chief executive and ousted him from the Carolina bench. The Governor had suddenly turned up there cheering during the second half of a boxing game.

It was an open secret early this summer that the New York Knicks were trying to get McGuire to leave Carolina, where, at 46, he seemed to have settled down forever with his family, swimming pool and prestige. He had recently become a Doctor of Humane Letters (honorary), a grandfather, and had a good young team with a 16-game schedule compared to the pros' 80s. McGuire told the Knicks no. Three times he said it.

Meanwhile, Eddie Gottlieb, founder, builder and owner of the Philadelphia Warriors, also wanted McGuire. Again the Carolina coach said no. But after a conference with 72-year-old Maurice Podoloff, the tiny, moon-faced NBA president, McGuire agreed to join the Warriors, becoming both a vice-president and coach for Eddie Gottlieb.

It took a certain kind of courage for Gottlieb to hire McGuire, for the men are as dissimilar as a bagel and a steak. Gottlieb has spent 40 years in professional basketball. Along with such other early figures of the game as St. Louis' Ben Kerner and Syracuse's Darryl Bussone, he struggled for decades with leaky franchises and a bored public. It was an era in the pro game when a man's office was his barhood, except when he had to look the hat, and Eddie Gottlieb had his hatless days. Now times have changed for



WILLING WIT tries underhand free-throw style that was copied by McGuire to correct his poor percentage.

professional basketball. His attitudes change more slowly, and many of the NBA's owners still tend to run their business in penny-pinching, second-class fashion. Frank McGuire, on the other hand, doesn't know how to think or behave in a second-class manner.

Yet Gottlieb hired McGuire because he knew drastic action was needed to salvage the floundering Warriors. Last year the team was often pitiful, not because it had no ability, but because it squandered the ability it had so sadly. Following a pattern that has hampered other NBA teams, the Warriors were using a fine ex-player, Neil Johnston, as

coach. ("No man can coach his buddies," says McGuire.) Though professional players have great skills, they need the same kind of stern technical coaching the best college teams receive. They do not get it often in the NBA because an ex-player is not necessarily a good teacher.

Huge and sensitive Witt Chamberlain, the highest scorer in pro basketball history, had gone into a seasons-long sulk. "He was in a world of his own," a fellow player recalls. He once refused to play the second half of a game. He swore at Neil Johnston. He complained about his treatment by officials. He would go days without speaking to his teammates, on or off the court. When he got the ball he shot it. Defense he often ignored. Nor was morale much better among the other players. So, in spite of having such proved stars as Paul Arizin, Tom Gola and Guy Rodgers, the Warriors ended the season 11 games behind the Celtics, at times going away games by 40 points.

This is the team McGuire faced last month. A neat, orderly man whose mind wears a white shirt, McGuire packed 18 neckties, three suits and four sport coats, hid his wife, three children and grandchild goods, and joined the Warriors at their Hershey, Pa., training site.

Accustomed to the drill-team efficiency of his Carolina organization, where the managers who aided him had crews of their own assistants, he was aggrieved when he found nobody waiting to introduce him formally to the Warrior squad, much less handle petty administrative details. "This," he briskly corrected, "is going to change."

His first real meeting with Chamberlain took place in Witt's room at Hershey's inn: but Hershey's second-best, hostelry, the Cocoa Inn. McGuire had spent \$400 on phone calls inquiring about Chamberlain. He had talked with Dick Harp, who had coached Witt at the University of Kansas, and Ulen Blee, whose basketball clinic employs Chamberlain in the summer. "Witt responds to leadership by someone he respects," Harp had said; and that summed up what McGuire learned.

"That first meeting," reports McGuire, "I told Witt that I realized he was a famous player with a national reputation to consider. Then I said I had a national reputation to consider, too." This

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McGUIRE • *Warriors*

simple statement may well have established the first player-coach relationship of Wilt's career solidly based on mutual respect. "Wilt said he was willing to try anything I thought would help the team," McGuire adds. "With that attitude and all his talent I found myself wondering if the unteachable Chamberlain might not be a coach's dream."

McGuire then called a team meeting. It lasted two hours. "Mr. McGuire told us he'd never coach anything but a happy team," recalls Chamberlain, "and that a happy team sticks together. He talked pretty blunt. He has a code of ethics and you know he's going to stick by those ethics, win or lose. You have to respect this man."

"When I walked in that meeting," said little Guy Rodgers, "I never believed we would all come out smiling. But we did."

While the Warriors were still in a soiling mood McGuire surprised them some more. He started their training with college drills of a type long ignored by pros. He sent them bouncing up and down the court in a squatting defensive stance that sets leg muscles tingling with pain. Chamberlain became the leader in these drills, bobbing and swooping happily like a giant grasshopper, and gleefully shouting "get down there" when a tired teammate began to edge upright.

McGuire had the team play Tiger in the Circle, in which one man tries to get the ball from two who pass it around him. The Warriors had dribbling races, which Chamberlain excelled at, and foot races, which he also always won. Through he is 7 feet 2 he is incredibly faster than anyone else on the team. On the technical side, McGuire also worked on fundamentals of strategy, normally taught at the college level. And he made one important shift in personnel, moving Tom Gola, who had played guard for five seasons in the NBA, up to forward. This is to help Chamberlain with rebounding, and allow the Warriors to use two small quick guards and a faster-breaking offense. "We might get away with it," McGuire said confidently, "and we might not." In several exhibition games the Warriors got away with it just fine.

If the drills were new and tactics different, some of McGuire's other precepts were just as shocking by pro league standards. He told the Warriors they would not argue with referees, nor would they criticize a teammate on the floor.

"You will take credit for the win," he said, "and I will take the blame for the losses. I have now relieved you of any responsibility for coaching or officiating. See how simple your life is getting." He asked that the team sit down around him during time-outs, not wander about the court. He requested plenty of encouraging chatter from the players on the bench. And sometimes he got it all across in a gentle and gentlemanly fashion that improved the Warriors.

"We hit missed 500 foul shots last year," said McGuire one day. "I wonder if he would like to try shooting them underhand." The next day not-so-unteachable Wilt was trying the underhand foul shot. He is still shooting foul that way, after too many years of experimenting with different styles—one reason for his, poor free-throw record.

By the time the Warriors left Hershey on their arduous exhibition schedule (8,430 miles and 15 games) they were a spirited ball team, and Wilt Chamberlain, not a sally man by nature, was a talking, singing and, for him, downright gregarious member of the group.

But the NBA had begun teaching McGuire some things, too. He had only needed two or neckties at the training camp. Hershey wasn't a necktie town. He stopped picking up the phone and saying, "This is Coach McGuire, I'd like to ...," because nobody knew who Coach McGuire was.

By Clyde Cato House

Then in one of the Warriors' first exhibition games, he was shocked as mighty Clyde Lovellette of the St. Louis Hawks glowered down at a rookie referee and loudly said, "Let me tell you something and don't you forget it. You are a punk." Only he didn't say punk. The referee called a technical foul. "That makes you two of them," said Lovellette.

"I've never seen a player do such a thing," said an astonished McGuire.

At Johnson City, Tenn, that Hawk rookie, Glen (Machine Gun) Hill, got in a minor fracas with Warrior Ed Conlin. It ended as fast as it started. But the Hawks' aggressive young coach, Paul Seymour, boomed off the bench onto the court and started bawling with Conlin. McGuire couldn't believe it. After the game he went to Referee Jim Duffy, who has had nine seasons with the NBA. "It's all an act, isn't it, Duffy?" he asked seriously. "It's like the Gibberetters, or something. It isn't for real, is it?"

"It's for real," Jim Duffy told him.

—continued—

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McGUIRE continued

McGuire brooded about that. Later he said, "If that's what you've got to do in this game, then it's not for me. I've got standards of my own, and I'm not going to do the things that I see go on in this league."

When the Warriors lost their first exhibition McGuire was unhappy. "That's more than I lost in 1957," he kidded them, but they saw it was no real joke. "It's a long season," said Wilt Chamberlain. "Mr. McGuire will have to learn to lose sometimes."

There is a tendency in the NBA for the owners to help their coaches with the coaching. Eddie Gottlieb, who, after all, has plenty of experience, is known as a helper. "Have you given the team an out-of-bounds play?" Gottlieb innocently asked McGuire one day.

"You could just see the coach smile," says a player who was there. "He's the owner," says McGuire of the incident. "I didn't get angry. I told Gottlieb the team had no offense yet and no defense. We would work on those first. As a matter of fact, we had a pretty good out-of-bounds play." The implication was that this was McGuire's business.

The exhibition schedule took the team on to Terre Haute, Ind., for another game against the Hawks. The Warriors had by then learned a little college-type pregame drill, led by Chamberlain, that the crowd liked. In games they were posing more often and more effectively, Chamberlain was feeding the ball to other players repeatedly, forcing the opposition to be watchful, and the college spirit remained. "Their attitude is 100% better than a year ago," said a man who follows the Warriors regularly.

In the first half of the game at Terre Haute there was a brief relapse to 1960's listless play. At half time McGuire, his Irish dander up for the first time since he joined the team, told the players they had embarrassed him. He said they made him sick to watch. That if they didn't want to play they should just quit. The Warriors returned to beat the Hawks by 20 points.

There was joking and singing in the locker room after the game. "Look at them," said McGuire, as if making a discovery that was going to help him. Just like any bunch of college kids.

After the game Paul Arizin, who at 33 has played nine years in the NBA, and Ed Conlin, a six-year veteran, told McGuire they were going out for a beer.

McGuire started to protest, then seemed to remember where he was. (In 1955 he bounced two players off his North Carolina squad because somebody had seen them drinking a beer.) McGuire took the moment to tell all the players that he had arranged for cubs at 8:45 the next morning to pick up those who wanted to go to church. Almost all of the Warriors went, undoubtedly surprised by McGuire's solicitude on this score. "I've always encouraged players to go to church," he said later.

"I think I'll get the team blazers and slacks as a travel uniform," he said after church that Sunday. "We had them at Carolina, and we made a good impression wherever we went. My players always looked their best. They knew they'd catch hell if they didn't." The prospect of press wearing blazers seemed strange. "I've talked to Wilt about it," said McGuire. "He doesn't see anything wrong with it. It will help them save their own clothes, too." (McGuire was once honored by the Barbers of America as one of America's 10 best-groomed men.)

An hour later the team was loading on a bus to go to the airport. "I said 11:30 and look at that Chamberlain," said McGuire. "Not only on time, but early. You know, he's always five minutes early. I appreciate that." Warriors who were not on time were fast learning that McGuire has a schoolmaster's respect for minutes, and a special disapproval of oversteering. "Sleep is overrated," he said. "My mother, rest her soul, used to say she'd be a long time sleeping when she was dead."

Alone and irritated

If the team was rather happily learning McGuire's ways, however, the coach himself was less serene. The only non-playing Warrior on the trip, he had no one to help him with a dozen details. He was calling cubs and finding restaurants and arranging room lists and paying bills and getting luggage checked—and getting read.

Each morning he sent postcards home. Each afternoon he sent a letter. Each night he telephoned his wife. "Only 92 more games to go," he told her once. And because he insists on not being chummy with his players, he was quite alone and lonely. "Mr. McGuire's kind of down," said Wilt Chamberlain, who can be a discerning and sympathetic man, as well as one who knows what it means to be alone and kind of down.

Mr. McGuire was also kind of full of



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fight, however. He waved a check of motel bills at Terre Haute. "They tell me to go to such player and collect for any extras on his bill. Can you see me going to Chamberlain or Arizon and telling them, 'You owe me 30¢ for phone calls.'"

Later McGuire was saying: "This team has now played four games. We should go right back to Hershey and work on our mistakes. Instead, we've got six more exhibition games in the next six days. Oregon for one night. Then California. I don't have time to be a coach."

"You ask me if Frank McGuire will succeed in the NBA," said St. Louis' shrewd Ben Kerner, who had come to see his team play at Terre Haute. "He's a fine addition to the league. No doubt about that. But he'll find out some things. He's going to learn it's not a question of how much basketball you know, but how much time you have to teach it, if you can. He's going to be responsible for a lot of things he never worried about before. He's going to find the travel hard. It's a young man's game. And it gets to you, too."

Beat 'em or join 'em?

Kerner should know. When his team is playing he sheds his suit coat, pulls down his silk tie, shrinks at officials and shrugs programs around his feet until, by the final whistle, his confetti pile is knee-high and his blood pressure sky-high.

"You watch," said another NBA official. "Frank will get beat a few times by those red-haired coaches and you know what he'll do? He'll join 'em. He'll have to."

Then it was late Sunday night in St. Louis. McGuire visited his players in their room at the Bell Air motel, talking, encouraging, kidding on the surface, but actually lining them know of his interest in them. He had found out, for example, that substitute Center Joe Ruklick was a homesick newby. Ruklick's off-court interest is politics. "I told him I'd try to arrange for him to meet the President," said McGuire. "That pepped him up." McGuire didn't leave the last room until 2 a.m.

He also made plans to take the team out to dinner the next day. "We'll do that a lot," he said. "It's good to get together socially, so long as the whole team is present." He was asked how this might fit in with the Warriors' budget. "I think

(continued)



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Gotty will understand," he said. "But I'll pay for it myself, if necessary. I feel it is important."

He reserved a table for the team at Stan Musial's restaurant. First he made sure his three Negro players would be served, St. Louis being one of those towns more integrated by law than spirit. "I don't want a private room, or to be off in a corner, either," he said. "We'll just leave it up to them."

Solly goes South

There were no Negro players at Carnation, of course, but McGuire had several at St. John's. "I'll never forget when we took Solly Walker to Kentucky," he recalled. "Four times that summer Adolph Rupp called me up. 'Frank, you can't bring that boy down here to 8 o'clock,' Adolph would say. 'Then cancel the game.' I'd tell him, 'Now Frank,' he'd say. 'We all don't try to change the way you say Mass in your church, and you shouldn't want to come down here and change our ways either.' I insisted, and Solly Walker played. It was quite a night. I think they beat us by 50 points." (Actually, it was 41 points.) This is not to suggest that Frank McGuire has a consuming interest in altering the social patterns of any area. But he does have a consuming interest in being sure nobody ever gives short shrift to a player of his. The Warriors ate at Stan Musial's. Presumably, Mr. Gottlieb has gotten the hint.

And he is not likely to fawn about it, for by now it should be apparent to Eddie Gottlieb that he has also gotten himself a man who can lead the Warriors, encourage Wilt Chamberlain and give the NBA some constructive thoughts about itself as well.

"I'm not so naive as to say we have the best team in the league," said Wilt Chamberlain that same day in St. Louis. "We don't. But when you get five good boys under proper supervision, anything can happen. We definitely have proper supervision here. This team is very, very good for us."

Frank McGuire, Wilt Chamberlain and the Philadelphia Warriors are about to take on the pro league with their own version of the old college try. That should be very, very good for professional basketball.

FOR NBA SCOUTING REPORTS AND A LOOK AT THE NEW LEAGUE, TURN TO PAGE 74



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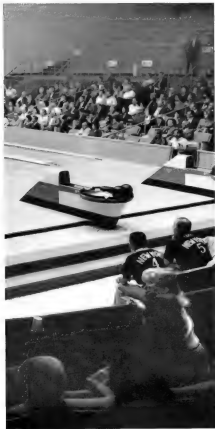
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BOWLING'S BIG LEAGUE—A



\$14 MILLION DOLLAR GAMBLE



Hyped-up rules, new lanes and new gimmicks make bowling a novel spectator sport prospect

by REX LARDNER

If bowling—yes, bowling—does not instantly supplant baseball, football, basketball and hockey as the nation's No. 1 spectator sport, it will not be for any lack of optimism on the part of the proprietors of the new National Bowling League. The NBL, like the AL, the NL, the NFL, the NBA, the NHL, the AFL and all the other alphabet organizations of big-time spectator sport, is dedicated to the proposition that a lot of people are willing to pay good money to watch other people play a game, and its owners already have gambled \$14 million on the proposition.

"Big-league bowling has come to Dallas," boomed a stentorian announcer at the league's premiere in Texas a fortnight ago (originally scheduled for October 13, the opening was hastily rescheduled for the 12th because the 13th fell on Friday), and in the two weeks since, big-league bowling has come to eight other U.S. cities as well.

At the Dallas premiere, held in the gaudily decorated amphitheater of the new \$3-million "Bronco Bowl," some 2,000 fans, astir with delicious anticipation, paid upwards of \$3 apiece to goggle at the strange new scene. The auditorium was set up in somewhat the same way as an old-time burlesque theater, with six gleaming lanes serving as the runways and with the audience ranged horseshoe-fashion on three sides.

Ushers for the event wore white shirts and red string ties. A Dixieland band ("Straight from the levee," confided the announcer) trotted away as a sassy, sexy blonde songstress snapped her fingers in rhythm. Up on a gigantic scoreboard at the rear of the lanes, two shapely Texas girls wearing white skirts, white blouses

continued

ASKE GLADIATOR Andy McBride sends back on its way to convert spare in Bronco Bowl.

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BOWLING LEAGUE *continued*

and headsets awaited the electronic instructions that would tell them the names and numbers to chalk up on the board. On each side of the scoreboard was a triangular diagram of pin positions that lighted up to indicate what the bowler was shooting for. Multicolored globes hung suspended on wires over the audience, shedding a soft glow. Spotlights shone down from the rear. TV cameras devoured the action.

The bowlers warmed up. Some of the crowd ood and aahed in the big hook of the New York Gladiators' young Johnny Meyer, a left-hander, and at the power of the Dallas Broncos' J.B. Solomon. The New York team wore gold pants and natty black shirts with names and numbers printed on the back. The Broncos wore white trousers, white shirts and red jackets, on the back of which were their names, a picture of a bucking bronco and a map of Texas with a star indicating the location of Dallas. Between rolls, the Broncos wiped their hands on red and white handkerchiefs, while the Gladiators sopped up their sweat with cloth of gold. After the inevitable shoddy rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner* that inaugurates all sporting events, Dallas' Stentor introduced the bowlers, giving full value to such nicknames as "the Brooklyn Bomber" for Johnny Meyer, "Mr. Stoneface" for J. B. Solomon, and "the Iowa Farm Boy" for Andy McBride.

As thousands cheer

Before the match started, Vince Lucic, captain of the Gladiators, worried gloomily over the strange setup. "They're going to have trouble concentrating," he predicted. Jack Aydelotte, the bespectacled playing manager of the Broncos, thought the enthusiasm of Bronco troopers might make his boys nervous. "We had an exhibition match in Kansas City," he said, marveling, "and that was the first time I ever saw a crowd jump to its feet and cheer bowling."

If the crowds continue to cheer bowling throughout the next six months of the non-league's season, however, the reward will be music in the ears of a Dallas sports fan named J. Curtis Sanford, chief booster of spectator bowling. A shrewd promoter who founded Dallas' Cotton Bowl back in 1937, Sanford has long been a big man in participant bowling as the owner of two huge Dallas lanes, but he always felt that bowling

(Continued)



NEW KODAK ZOOM 8 REFLEX CAMERA

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Whether you take travel movies in the South Seas or family movies in your back yard, you'll be delighted with the drama that "zoom" adds to your scenes. Just push a button on the new Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera and *zoom*—you've added instant interest to your movies!

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You don't need to live on easy street to ride in the lap of luxury. Take Chevrolet's new Jet-smooth ride, for instance. You could pay a bushel more and still not equal its velvety feel. Take that new choice of six-

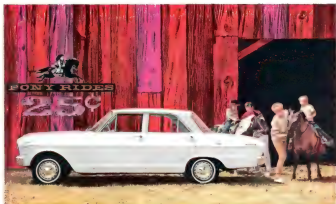
cylinder savings and V8 scamper (all the way up to a new 409-hp powerhouse,* if you wish). Take a look at that clean-etched styling and the plushy way Chevrolet surrounds you with Body by Fisher craftsmanship

and comfort and roominess. That takes a second seat to nobody. (Even a high-capacity heater and defroster come as standard equipment this year.) Now, take a tip and take a drive at your Chevrolet dealer's. *Optional at extra cost.

The Impala Convertible—don't you wish there was one at home just like it?



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If you've read enough to give you even a mild yes to know more, see your Chevrolet dealer. This could be exactly the car you've been waiting for. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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was never given a real chance as a spectator sport. "There are about 30 million active bowlers in the country that we can draw on for our audiences," he said recently in his office in the Curtis Building. "Up to now, though, spectators have never been able to watch the game properly. All they see in big tournaments is the bowlers' backs. Where's the drama in that? I envisioned stadiums with luxurious seats and good lighting, where at least half the fans could see the bowlers from the side. I also felt



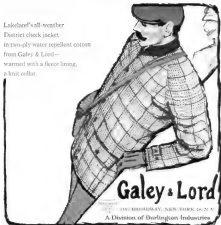
OPTIMISTIC FOUNDER—Curtis Sanford, right, the Bronx Bowl and owner Elmer Bronson.

the game itself could be hyped up to make it more interesting."

It was about a year ago that Sanford's ideas began to take positive form, and the Dallas promoter set about getting businessmen interested in building bowling stadiums or in metamorphosing old theaters into suitable spectator arenas. He built his own Bronx Bowl, which costs \$125,000 worth of air-conditioning equipment as part of his plan for a "fair shake" for spectators. Meanwhile, he and other promoters began building teams. They engaged a league commissioner—Dick Charles, a former Omaha TV sports announcer—and devised rules calculated to perk up spectator interest in team bowling.

The first player drafts were held in July 1960. The ten teams taking part at \$75,000 per franchise—were the Bronsons, the Gladiators, the Detroit Thunderbirds, the Fort Worth Panthers, the

Lakeland's all-weather District check jacket in two-ply water repellent cotton from Galey & Lord—warmed with a fleece lining, a knit collar.



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BOWLING LEAGUE

Kansas City Stars, the Fresno Barbers, the Omaha Packers, the Los Angeles Toros, the Twin City Skippers of Minneapolis-St. Paul and the so-far-homeless San Antonio Cavaliers.

In Kansas City and Omaha, theaters were converted into bowling stadiums; in the other cities stadiums were built new, the total cost for construction and conversion coming to \$14 million. Besides Sanford's own Bronco Bowl, the plushes are those in Fort Worth, Minneapolis and Detroit. Unable to find a home on top of Manhattan's Grand Central Station, where it had hoped to perch like a city pigeon, the New York team finally landed in a new stadium at Totowa, N.J.

Each of the 10 teams is made up of fifteen seven to nine bowlers. The smallest salary paid any team member is about \$6,000 for the six-month season; the average salary is about \$10,000. Bowlers have a one-year contract, with a one-year option. The total net per season for a club—including the team's travel expenses, living expenses on the road and upkeep of arenas—will come to about \$250,000 a year. "If the Bronco Bowl is only half filled, I'll break even," San-

ford said recently, looking happily around his more than half-filled (four-fifths) auditorium.

Garmen like Sanford, whose audacious acts are connected with public lanes, are also counting on the influence of the pros to boom business in the lanes. "If the spectators don't bowl after seeing a match," says the ebullient Sanford, "they'll eat or play pool or something."

Not all the greatest names in the game have yet rushed into the NBL. At the player draft in Omaha, Mickey Merrill, Yogi Berra and Jackie Brandt (Baltimore Oriole outfielder) were selected by various teams, but none accepted the offers. Don Carter, considered the strongest and best bowler in the country, reportedly turned down an offer of \$50,000 a year. Since Carter's affiliation with Budweiser and the money that comes to him from exhibitions, tournament prizes, TV, endorsements and other sources have made him one of the richest athletes in the country, this was not surprising. "We couldn't come to terms with him," says Sanford. "but we're not in all hurry for name bowlers."

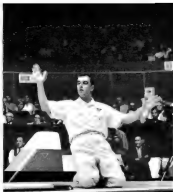
Among the big-name bowlers who have signed are Buzz Bazzo (Packers), Terry Lindemann and Bud Horn (Cavaliers), Bill Bunetta (Barbers), Steve

Nagy (Toros), Joe Joseph (Stars), Billy Golenbowski (Thunderbirds) and Jack Rondolillo (Broncos).

Commissioner Charles, a silver-haired man in glasses, believes the league will give a tremendous lift to all bowling. "Up to now," he says, "there have been only

RED HOT COMBO straight from Thailand according to the sport's stars, them.





THE BRONCOS DOES A BALLET OF BODY ENGLISH. IT HELPED. SALVINO WOUND UP WITH THE BEST AVERAGE FOR THE NIGHT'S PLAY

about 15 bowlers in America who could make a living just by bowling. Now there are something like 100. To make sure it's a success, we wanted bowlers with fan appeal as much as bowlers who can knock down pins. It's all in how you do it."

Bumps and cracks in the lanes to give a footballgame flavor to the bumpy of the bowl.



New league rules governing how-you-do-it provide new opportunities for suspense and team strategy. There are two ways a player can earn points for his team - by winning his individual match (worth one point) and by making "bonus" points. If a player bowls from 210 to 219 he gets one bonus point. If he bowls from 220 to 229 he gets two bonus points. A 300 game gives him 10 bonus points. The winner is the team that gets the greater total number of points, bonus and match. Suspense derives from the fact that a team can be way behind but can catch up if its anchor man has a hot streak and adds not only a match point but seven or eight bonus points to the team score. Total pinfall does not count unless the two teams are tied in total points.

Matches are divided into two halves, with five players from each team pitted against each other. They're called the leadoff man, the pressure man, the pivot man, the cleanup man and the anchor man. The first match, called a team match, is played on a team-rotation basis, though opposing players compete on a head-to-head basis (leadoff man vs. leadoff man, pivot against pivot, and so on). The second half pits player against player, each bowler bowling one con-

plete game before his teammate bowls.

The trickiest innovation is the new league's wild-card substitution rule. When a team is in trouble and a bowler is faced with a shot he is not too sure of, his captain may call in a specialist to roll for him. The most common wild-card substitution is calling in a left-hander for a right-hander when a couple of pins on the right side of the alley must be knocked down for a critical spare.

Because he was not in favor of making the league too lively, Commissioner Charles refused to sanction the hiring of such obvious wild-card prospects as a trick-shot artist who could roll seven balls down the alley simultaneously or a California showman who bowled with both hands. "We want the league to stand up on its own merits," says Charles.

The two leadoff men in the premiere match between the Broncos and the Gladiators were Carmen Salvino and Jake Charter, respectively. Charter, a stocky, dark-haired man, blinked several times, crouched low, stalked up to the foul line and bowled. He left the 7 pin. Salvino, a devout believer in the application of body English, leaped high in the air as he earned a strike. Apparently having trouble with his concentra-

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BOWLING LEAGUE continued

tion, Charter got only a single strike, winding up with a 167. Salvino, coveting, falling to his knees in supplication and otherwise trying to guide his hook by extrasensory remote control, got a 205 and one match point for his team. The bowlers in their lineside chairs shouted encouragement, and the fans cheered the conversion of a difficult split like a crowd at Yankee Stadium or sighed when a slow 10 pin collapsed. In the end the Broncos slaughtered the



WIRED FOR SOUND. Blonde scoreboard attendant keeps spectators apprised of 'bowlers' scores.

Gladiators 22-2, and when the match was over, a smiling Sanford pronounced himself pleased not so much at the Texas victory but at the reaction of the fans. "They knew just when to holler, didn't they?" he says. "They really went for that Salvino. Especially when his body English started working. Notice how he made those eight strikes in a row right at the finish? That's what I call showmanship."

Whether the 30 million American bowling fans that Sanford is counting on will consider it a show worth paying for is open to question, but the odds look good.

END

ANNOUNCING

introduction of the Dauphine



Almost two million Dauphines ago, in 1956, we introduced the first Dauphine. This month our 1962 Dauphine goes on sale. And although there have been a few changes in the 1962 model, the changes are strictly European Plan: Change a thing to make it better; but don't change just to make it look different. (So we don't spend millions re-tooling but pass the saving on to you with prices now about \$200 less than last January.)

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RENAULT





HELL'S OLD ANGELS

Look! Up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a plane? You bet it's a plane! To be precise, it's two planes—both from World War I. Banking at right is a German Pfalz D-12, flown by Frank Tallman, a Hollywood stunt pilot with pluming scarf. Coming up under the tail is a Nieuport 28, piloted by Cole Palen of Rhinebeck, N. Y. Will the Nieuport get the Pfalz? Turn the page for more on the latest—and most esoteric—of hobbies.





ORIGINAL COCKPIT of Spad 7 was meticulously restored by Owner James Perry of Gastonia, N.C., who spent six years searching the world for authentic parts

THE PLAYING SKIES OF WORLD WAR I

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Every age in history has its admirers. Raymond Duncan, the dancer, wears a hermaphrodite tunic and longs for the glory that was Greece. The late Sel Bloom, Congressman, loved nothing more than to dress up as George Washington, the Father of our Country. A goodly number of Americans are so bewitched by the Civil War that they recently refought, with no noticeable change in the result, the Battle of Bull Run. Now the latest craze is World War I planes. Antique aircraft enthusiasts, joined by a smattering of sports car drivers, classic car buffs and gun collectors, most of whom are psychologically driven to the exotic, have, in the last three years, seized upon World War I as an outlet for their romantic fantasies.

"The World War I interest is just doubling itself by the month," says Robert McGrath, proprietor of the World War I Aero Bookshop in Roslindale, Mass. "With the advent of jets and missiles, aircraft lost their romance. A jet or a missile is just the carrier of a pilot. World War I pilots flew the plane. They were charismatics, and it was man against man."

Mel Torme, the singer, a dedicated World War I fan, says, "People who are fascinated by flying are, if not disgusted, at least disillusioned by this jet age, this push-button age." Two years ago Torme and a number of other enthusiasts helped Hugh Wynne, an architect in Santa Ana, Calif., found The Society of World War I Aero Historians. The society now has upwards of 500 members in the U.S. and

abroad and publishes a scholarly quarterly, *Cross & Cockade Journal*, given over to detailed articles on such subjects as the Austrian Berg single-seater and the Escadrille Lafayette. "A lot of junk has been written about the Escadrille," Wynne says, "and all kinds of people have claimed they were in it." In recognition of growing interest in World War I, the U.S. Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB in Dayton held a reunion for World War I flyers last June. The guests, led by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, America's leading ace, looked on as pilots performed in vintage World War I

planes. No one indulged in dogfighting, but the day that that returns may not be far off.

The World War I craze shows signs of catching on with a wider public. *L'il Abner*, the comic strip, recently featured a delight between Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and "Kaiser Bill's Greatest Ace," Baron Ludwig von Henhausen. A couple of Hollywood producers are racing to get their World War I series on TV first. (Actually, there may well be more than enough room for two. The World War I genre has, the Lord help us, all the explosive potential of the Western.)

Continued



Collector Cole Palen shows one of his gems, a Fokker D-8V, or Old Blimpet. Arrived here.

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HELL'S OLD ANGELS *continued*

Riverside Records, specialists in sports car engine sounds, have pressed *World War I Fighter Planes in Action*, the big selling point of which is the sound of two German Fokker D-8s being pursued by two British Sopwith Camels. To add to the realism the sound track even includes machine-gun fire directed at the Fokkers by a French infantryman, who opens up, according to the jacket notes, "a little soon to be effective."

The book-publishing business, too, is beginning to take note of World War I interest. The leader in the field is Harleyford Publications Limited of England. The firm has brought out several lavishly illustrated and expensive (\$8.50 each) books, e.g., *Av Aces of the 1914-1918 War* and *von Richthofen and The Flying Circus*, which The Society of World War I Aero Historians has pronounced to be "a noble effort." The main outlet for Harleyford in the U.S. is Gordon's Bookshop on 59th Street in New York City, hitherto the unofficial headquarters for automobile cultists of all kinds.

The Flying Spy

Long-forgotten histories of World War I aeronautics are suddenly being sought after as classics, and prices have tripled in the past few years. A fine copy of Norman Hall's *Balloons Better Than Lark of Arizona* brings \$30. Hall and Nordhoff's two-volume study, *The Lafayette Flying Corps*, sells for up to \$150, and the war letters and memorial volumes, dedicated to such flyers as Edmund Genet, Norman Prince, Victor Chapman and Harrison Coolidge fetch as much as \$75 apiece. The latest writer to come on strong is Elliott White Springs. His books, written in the '20s, are common, but since his death two years ago interest in his work has risen. (An eccentric millionaire, Springs is perhaps best remembered as the author of the saucy *Springmaid* advertisements. An ace in World War I, he wrote a handful of flying stories and novels, notably *Wise Birds*, that were so astonishingly successful that they earned him \$250,000.)

Even pulp magazines of the '20s are in demand, particularly copies of the monthly, *G-8 and His Battle Aces*. *G-8*, it may be recalled, was not only the Master American Flying Spy but a master of the makeup kit. Whenever *G-8* got in a tight spot, which was about every other page, he removed his makeup kit "from its secret hiding place," disguised

himself and quickly outfoxed the hated Hun who was searching the woods for that "terriblester Kerl!" Little did they know that the old farmer bicycling down the road was the Master Spy making his getaway. Amongst *G-8* was his Battle Aces, big Bull Martin, "former All-American half back," and Nippy Weston, "the little corner ace who defied superstition by flying Spad No. 13 and who delighted in laughing in the very face of death."

Of course, the most desirable possession any World War I hobbyist can have is a plane. According to a recent count taken by Professor Dean H. Obrecht and

pilot to fly a World War I plane today as long, of course, as the plane can pass Federal Aviation Agency inspection. (One collector was liked when an FAA inspector grounded his Spad because of rips in the original linen wing skin. "I thought it was all right," the collector said, "but he was new, and I guess he was afraid.")

Aloft, World War I planes are prohibited from flying over cities and villages or any open area of assembly. Though this would tend to indicate some doubt about the durability of the planes, pilots say that with the necessary maintenance the planes hold up reasonably



Paul Mann (right) chats with N-15 Pilot Scott Crossfield checking out a Lincoln Standard.

Leonard E. Opdycke of Rochester, N.Y., there are 70 authentically restored World War I planes in the U.S. today, 35 of them in flying condition. In addition, there are 44 replicas, which do not rank as high in the scheme of values as do restorations. If the plane is almost exactly as it was the day it left the factory or the day it arrived at the front, it is incomparably desirable. Restorations in replica, it is important to have an original engine. "The airplane can always be built," explains Cole Palen, a prominent collector, "but building the engine is something else again."

It is perfectly all right for a licensed

well. In fact, many of the planes can outclimb and outdive light planes of comparable size today. A Spad, for instance, can climb 1,000 to 1,200 feet in a minute, a respectable figure for almost any single-engine, piston plane. However, there are some problems, mainly in landing. The landing gear was built for grass, and a pilot who alights on concrete may as well write off the plane. A Spad is especially difficult to land because of its built-in urge to ground-loop. The Spad has too much weight in the tail, 333 pounds to be exact, and when it touches down in the classic three-point position, it shows a compulsive urge to

HELL'S OLD ANGELS

go down the field backward instead of forward.

There are three major collections of World War I planes in the U.S. The largest, 45 planes in all, belongs to Paul Mantz, three-time Bendis trophy winner and stuntman (he was the first in Hollywood to fly through an open hangar), who keeps the fleet on hand for the movies. (Counting all types of aircraft, Mantz once owned 600 planes, ranking just ahead of Nationalist China as an air power.) Alas, some purists look down upon Mantz's collection. "He cuts up his planes a lot," says Hugh Wynne, "and doesn't worry much about preserving the original design. For example, he has a Nieuport with a couple of feet clipped off the end of each wing. I don't know the engineering principle behind the alteration, but I guess it was done to get added speed for racing. Then, too, he has a Fokker D-VII that looks all right outside but doesn't have the original engine. We aren't let us eaters on this subject, you understand, but we just feel that Mantz's collection is not outstanding from a historical standpoint."

Wynne has more respect for the collection of Frank Tallman, also a stunt pilot. Tallman, 42, whose father flew for the Navy in France, has been collecting World War I planes for 35 years, and

he now has six of them. The prize of the collection is a Pfalz D-XII (the one Riverside used in its recording). Unfortunately, he wrecked it at Wright-Patterson in June after the engine stalled at 400 feet. He ground-looped on landing and smashed the lower right wing and landing gear. Tallman was unhurt. A dashing, monochord chap, Tallman revels in wearing riding boots, breeches and a white silk scarf. "When he gets dressed up," an acquaintance remarks, "he looks like G.I. for sure."

In the back the outstanding collection belongs to Cole Palen, 35, an aviation mechanic. While learning his trade at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, Palen became enamored of half a dozen World War I planes on exhibit in the field's museum. When the field had to make way for, of all things, a shopping center, he put in a successful bid for the planes. "It wasn't much," he says, "but it was every cent I had at the time." A few years ago he bought a 100-acre farm outside Rhinebeck, N.Y., cleared a runway through pastures and began building the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome, a replica of a World War I base in France. To raise money for its construction he has flown his planes at air shows all over the country, and he recently picked up a substantial sum exhibiting his Blériot XI for a Wings brochure advertisement.

Though much work remains, the Old

Rhinebeck Aerodrome is open to the public for a modest admission charge. Palen has landscaped the grounds so that visiting cars are hidden behind an embankment, the only cars out in the open being a 1917 Maxwell truck and a 1910 Sears auto buggy. "I want to preserve the spirit of a World War I aerodrome," he says. The corrugated hangar is decorated with World War I posters admonishing the viewer to halt the Hun by buying Liberty bonds. Visitors are free to inspect the planes. The most colorful is a Fokker D-VII rendered in a mottled camouflage pattern with a red-and-white polka dot squadron designation on the tail. Palen, decked out in riding trousers, scarf, helmet and goggles, acts as guide. As an added touch, a white handkerchief trails from the top of his helmet. "That's to wipe the oil off the goggles," he explains.

A lot of color

The tour over, some visitors are permitted to clamber into the cockpit of a Nieuport 28 and try out the controls. The plane is tied down, but there is a great sense of exhilaration as Palen starts the engine. There is even more if the engine happens to catch fire, which it is prone to do. "That adds a lot of color," says Palen, eyes aglitter. "In fact, it's got to the point where we might get it on fire on purpose."

END



Mainstay of Palen's collection is plane at a Rhinebeck, N.Y., aerodrome, a Blériot XI, a gas-powered biplane.



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THE MIDWEST

For 30 minutes, while 76,132 partisans sat in shivering horror, Notre Dame pushed Michigan State around Spartan Stadium. The hard-charging Irish line held State to 12 yards rushing, punished the Spartans for 170 yards and Notre Darned 7-0. Then Coach Duffy Daugherty went to work. He changed all the offensive blocking assignments and told the defensive backs how to route to meet the play. He put Tackle Jim Bebban (247 pounds), Guard Ed Badde (243) and Tackle Dave Behrman (253) in the line together for two-way duty and switched Defensive Back George Saines (before) to offense. Suddenly Notre Dame's run-

ners found their paths solidly blocked by huge Spartans. State sprang Saines loose for 24- and 25-yard touchdown runs, added a 20-yard field goal by Art Brandstatter to polish off the Irish 17-7. Despite Michigan State's apparent affluence, the other Big Ten teams weren't about to give up the fight. Iowa looked better than ever as Quarterback Matt Szykowski completed 14 of 17 passes for 169 yards and three touchdowns in a 47-15 victory over Wisconsin. Ohio State gave the ball to Fullback Bob Ferguson for 157 of its 220 yards rushing and slipped past Northwestern 10-0. Minnesota's Sandy Stephens threw four touchdown passes and the Gophers beat

Illinois 33-0. Michigan held off furnishing Purdue 16-14 and Indiana won at last, over Washington State 33-7.

For the second straight week a former pupil sent Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma Sooners sprawling. This time it was Kansas' Jack Mitchell, who got another good game from John Hadl, wearing contact lenses for the first time, as the Jayhawkers beat Oklahoma 10-0. However, Colorado and Missouri still held the aces in the Big Eight. The Buffaloes, led by Lineman of the Week Joe Rorrig, who roamed far and wide to bat down three passes and immarshable Kansas State runners, turned the Wildcat 13-0. Missouri, just as unyielding,

MIDWEST BACK OF THE WEEK, MICHIGAN STATE'S GEORGE SAINES (81) SCORED AGAINST NOTRE DAME ON BEND OF 24-25 YARDS



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took the wind out of the **Iowa State** Cyclones 13-7. **Nehru** got a shock at **Sidewater**, losing to **Oklahoma State** 14-6.

Danai's **Jerry Gross** gave **Navy** fits with his fine passing, but the **Titans** succumbed ultimately 37-19. The top three:

- 1. **MICHIGAN STATE** (14-0)
- 2. **WGA** (14-0)
- 3. **GOOD STATE** (10-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference, where title hopes are as fragile as dime-store toys, was as unpredictable as ever. **Texas Tech**, a Johnny-come-lately to the ways of this crazy-quilt league, showed that it had learned quickly when it upset **Baylor** 19-17 on H. L. Daniels' 34-yard field goal with 27 seconds to play. **TCC** sent **Texas A&M** scrambling 15-14 when **Sentro Gibbs**, playing with several broken ribs, passed the **Horned Frogs** 86 yards to the Aggie one, and **Jerry Spearman** kicked a 20-yard field goal with 2:12 left.

But **Texas** did the expected. Coach **Darrell Royal**, blessed with the swiftest backs north of Texas, let them run to their hearts' content against **Arkansas**. Quarterback **Mike Coner**, passing occasionally to fling a well-directed pass, cleverly directed the flow of traffic against the stunting **Arkansas** linemen. He ran **Halfbacks** **Jim Saxton**, **Jack Collins** and **Jerry Cook** inside and outside, and the **rainbow** **Loughrons** piled up 358 yards rushing while tripping the poor **Berbers** 33-3. However, **Texas** isn't yet safe from its pursuers. **Rice**, victor over **SMU** 10-0 Saturday, will come to **Austin** this week aching for an upset. The top three:

- 1. **BEAR** (10-0)
- 2. **WGA** (11-1)
- 3. **ARKANSAS** (10-0)

THE EAST

All season long Coach **Rip Engle** had waited for his **Penn State** team to live up to its preseason notices and give him his 100th victory. Strangely, his big linemen had looked more like docile lambs than the ferocious **Nittany Lions** they were supposed to be—and his backfield never seemed able to generate a sustained attack. Last Saturday Engle's patience was rewarded. While **Syracuse** stumbled dreadfully without its two ailing quarterbacks, **Dave Sanziti** and **Bob Lell**, **State's** leaping linemen, led by **Boots** **Bob Minter** and **Jim Schwab**, keyed on **Halfback** **Ernie Davis** and held him to a mere 36 yards. Quarterback **Galen**

Hall, back after missing two games with an injured shoulder, deftly spread the **Syracuse** defenders with his extremely accurate passes (10 out of 12 for 170 yards) and flipped to **Roger Kochman** and **Dick Anderson** for touchdowns. **Kochman**, meanwhile, burst through and around the stultified **Orange** linemen for 107 yards as the **Lion** thoroughly whipped **Syracuse** 14-0.

There was a few other surprises in the East. **Unbeaten Villanova**, with high-blown hopes for a Bowl date, was suddenly deflated under the precise probing of **Boston College's** stumpy **George Van Cott**, and the **Eagles** won 22-6. **Boston U.** caught **West Virginia** still meditating on its wonderful victory over **Pitt** and cased by the **Mountaineers** 12-6. **Holy Cross** marched 74 yards in the final minutes to catch **Dartmouth** 17-13. Shutting out its third straight foe, **Colgate** upset **Princeton** 15-0. **Bruins** and **Rangers** performed as expected. The **Cadets** methodically marched up and down the field against over-matched **Idaho** 51-7; undefeated **Rangers** stayed mostly on the ground to beat **Lehigh** 32-15.

The Ivy League race proceeded in orderly fashion. **Columbia** held off **Harvard** to win 26-14; **Yale** recovered its aplomb to beat **Cornell** 12-0; **Penn** defeated **Brown** 7-0. The top three:

- 1. **NAVY** (14-1)
- 2. **SWP** (14-0)
- 3. **PENN STATE** (14-0)

THE SOUTH

Continuing to rumble through a marathon schedule, **Mississippi** barnstormed **Tulane** 41-0 as the other **SEC** contenders dutifully kept up the chase. **Alabama**, the team with the next best chance for the title (and almost as many mouth-rumors on its schedule), was impressive as it whipped **Tennessee** 34-0 for the first time since 1954. The **Crimson Tide** was led by the inventive **Pat Trammell**, who came up with a new gimmick, the "whooper" pass—a shotputter's push over the middle to a breaking halfback. When the defense drifted to protect against the whooper, **Trammell** sent **Halfback** **Ray Abruzzese** storming through the gaps. The big "Banu" line stopped everything except **George Shuford's** amazing 53-yard field goal.

It was homecoming night at **LSU**, but for a while the hosts were just too hospitable. They politely let **Kentucky's** **Jerry Woolam** pass them dizzy in the first half and were badly ahead 17-14. But **LSU's** aggressive **Chinese** **Bendis** finally forgot their manners, put a determined rush on **Woolam** and intercepted three of his passes. The "Go" team attacked heroically from a shogun spread and the **Tigers** pulled ahead 24-14. **Florida**, defending sturdily against **Vanderbilt**, beat the **Commodores** 7-0. **Georgia Tech** and **Auburn** bashed each other furiously before **Tech** won 7-6 when the gambling **Tigers** missed a two-

(two)

SOUTHWEST BACK OF THE WEEK WIRE COTTON (22) LED TEXAS TO AN EAST 32-7 WIN



SATURDAY'S
TOUGH ONES

point pass in the last period of the game.

While Maryland won off heating Air Force 21-0 at Denver, its ACC neighbors back home were doing their best to confuse the issue. Clemson Coach Frank Howard, perhaps the best confuser of all, had Duke thoroughly frustrated when he cleverly put two half-backs on the Blue Devils' wing end. But his biggest surprise was sophomore Jim Parker, who twice pricked Clemson into scoring range and carried the ball over once himself for a 17-7 victory. North Carolina and North Carolina State also edged back into contention. The Tar Heels beat South Carolina 17-0 to tie Duke for first place; the ragged Wolfpack settled down behind Ronson Gabriel's passing to beat Wake Forest 7-0. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (14-0)
2. ALABAMA (10-0)
3. GEORGIA TECH (9-0)

THE WEST

The balance of power in the Big Five now seems to be heading south. California, after a very brief renaissance, was no match for USC and lost 28-14. Quarterback Pete Beathard obediently plumbbed Cal's tight middle with the rocketing shots of 220-pound Fullback Ben Wilson and, when the Bear linebackers crept up closer, he passed to the open flanks on the way to two touchdowns.

UCLA's passers (8 for 7) were even more helpless than Pitt's runners (49 yards), but the Bruins belted the classless Panthers 20-0 with Tailback Mike Halfner romping through the Pitt line for 120 yards. Cracked UCLA Coach Billy Barnes, "We have a passing attack. The trouble is we don't have a passer."

Up north, Washington's Jim Owens was still experimenting. Last Saturday he moved third-string Quarterback Bill Silver to wingback, put him in motion and the Huskies beat Stanford 13-0.

Wyoming and Utah set the stage for Saturday's Cowboy-Colo. Big Red Skyline battle at Salt Lake City. Chuck Lamm led Wyoming past Brigham Young 38-8 while Utah beat Montana 24-12. But Colorado State's Tuffy Malison was convinced that Utah State is the best in the conference. "Once those Aggies get rolling, they kill you," muttered Malison in agonized admiration after State crunched his Burn 49-3. The top three:

1. WYOMING (10-0)
2. WASHINGTON (10-0)
3. UTAH (8-0)

Penn State over California. The Nittany Lions are roaring again. Cal's Randy Gold will have to hurdle to keep Bob Minter and the other State tigers off his back.

LSU over Florida. Ambrose Giron will surely test the LSU defense, but the Tigers have a knack of making a little game long way.

Iowa over Purdue. Matt Seykora's pass and a bundle of able Hawkies will be too much for the elegant but unimaginative Boilermakers.

Michigan over Minnesota. But not without some difficulty. The head-battering in the line will be fierce as both teams strive to stay in the Big Ten race.

Noire Dame over Northwestern. There aren't many smiling Irish eyes at South Bend this week, but Northwestern isn't Michigan State, and those good Notre Dame backs will find room to run again.

Missouri over Nebraska. Although stubborn enough up front, the Huskers will be too busy chasing Tigers to master an offense.

Texas over Rice. Jim Saxon and his son Longhorn playmates will leave the slowest Duck blinking with confusion.

UCLA over Stanford. The Bruins have an eye on the Rose Bowl. They may be denied, but not by Stanford.

Washington over Oregon. Although these aren't the Huskies of 1960, Coach Jim Owens always manages to have a surprise or two ready for would-be murrainers.

Wyoming over Utah. This is the week for the far to fly in the Skyline. A healthy Chuck Lamm will be too much to handle—even for that tough Utah line.

Other games

- ARMY OVER CINCINNATI
- BOY OVER WEST VIRGINIA
- COLORADO OVER OKLAHOMA
- DARTMOUTH OVER HARVARD
- DUKE OVER NORTH CAROLINA STATE
- MAUI OVER NORTH CAROLINA
- MISSISSIPPI OVER KANSAS STATE
- NAVY OVER FITZ
- PENNSYLVANIA OVER CORNELL
- SMITHSON OVER HOLY CROSS

TODAY'S MATCHES

- LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
- 16 RIGHT, 4 WRONG
- SEASON'S RECORD: 49-54



NEW FACES: UNI September, Pete Beathard (left) completed 16 of 34 passes for 154 yards and two TDs, ran for 52 yards against Cal; H. L. Burack of Texas Tech beat Baylor with a 34-yard field goal.



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Great Skiing!



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THE ENDLESS SWEEP OF THE PLAINS AT THEIR BACKS, HUNTERS LOOK FOR PARTRIDGE ALONG A DIRT ROAD IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Right bird on the right prairie

Wherever they put him, the Hun partridge dropped dead—until he got to the grain fields of the West

On the great rolling prairies of North Dakota, the fields are stubbled yellow from horizon to horizon. The wheat harvest has ended, but in these fields the busiest time of year has just begun. Fat cock pheasants flush, cackling, from the coulees; prairie chickens cooey in the windrows; and Hungarian partridge feed along the plowings. During these weeks, in the town of Raub, a housewife cannot buy a loaf of bread at the general store. Proprietor Earl Liebel is off garning. In Minot anyone expecting a letter or wanting to buy a Ford has to wait till sundown when Postman Royd Havard or Ford Agent Gordon Westlie comes home from the field. And anyone who wanted the game warden on a recent day in McLean County would have had to whistle and wait—he was out shooting with me. For hunting is the prime recreation of one-fourth the population of North Dakota; and certainly even in this record year for upland game

(SI, Sept. 11), there are no states that produce birds in as large numbers, and few states with as much variety.

The handsomest target in these great flocks is the ring-necked pheasant. But just as numerous and far more exciting to shoot, is an unglamorous little handful of brownish-gray feathers called the Hungarian partridge (*trixis*). Bigger than a quail, not as large as a ruffed grouse, the Hun is fast becoming the No. 1 upland game bird not only in North Dakota but throughout much of the North Central prairie region. As such, it is a striking example of the superb sport that can result from planting the right bird in the right place.

Like the pheasant, the Hun partridge is an immigrant. Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law, Richard Bache, imported the first ones in the late 18th century. For some reason Bache felt that New Jersey was a lot like Hungary, so he released the birds in New Jersey—where they promptly died. In the next hundred years other Hun fanciers released birds in almost every other state in the country, but whatever subtle combination of elements caused them to flourish in central and southeastern Europe did not

seem to exist on this side of the Atlantic. By 1900 biologists were ready to concede that the Hungarian partridge was happier in Hungary.

As a matter of fact, it was—until 1908, when a small sportsman's club in Alberta imported 200 pairs and released them, with great enthusiasm but very little hope, in the prairies around Calgary. The Huns loved it. Within five years they were multiplying and spreading at the incredible rate of 28 miles per year throughout the entire southern portion of the province. Neighboring Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Montana, North Dakota, Idaho and Iowa soon discovered—with no effort on their parts, with neither special conservation measures, stocking programs nor habitat improvement—that they too had expanding colonies of Hungarians.

Like the old country

What the birds liked was the comparatively dry climate, with limited rainfall spread evenly over the year, instead of the pelting torrents one is likely to get in New Jersey during the late spring. They also liked the open prairie, but most of all they liked living on farmland. In short, they were typical immigrants; after coming all this way they still liked what they had back home.

The primary concentrations of Hungarian partridge remain in this original northern Great Plains region with two secondary areas in the southern Lake states and the Pacific Northwest. In the U.S. the greatest population is in



North Dakota, where 90% of the state is in agriculture, and some 41 million acres of spring and durum wheat, rye, flax and barley give the birds both food and cover. More than 400,000 Huns have been killed in a single season in that state alone, and normal populations rival those of any native upland species.

The Hun has achieved this lofty estate with little or no help. Nor does he need any. One of the hardiest birds on the continent, the Hun not only can survive long stretches of sub-zero weather, but actually seeks to enjoy it. When other species such as the pheasant and the sharp-tailed grouse huddle in brush, seeking cover from freezing winds and snow, the Hun can often be found strutting around on an unprotected field. When the Hun does seek cover, he is usually trying to get out of the sun. The birds need very little water and can sustain themselves, if necessary, by sucking the dew from the morning grass.

Unlike the pheasant, which can eat its way through a Nebraska cornfield, or the ruffed grouse, which is not above gripping itself in a Massachusetts cranberry patch, the Hungarian's damage to crops is insignificant and most farmers welcome the birds on their land. In fact, it is a rare Dakota farmer who does not have at least one covey in his front yard—the birds seem to like to nest close to a house or barn.

Wherever they choose their cover, Huns usually rest in midday and at night. Then, in the morning until about 11, and again in the early evening, they

move out into the plowings to feed. In these hours the Hungarians are hunted in the corners of the fields and along the edges of dirt-track roads. But they can be hunted, too, in the middle of a warm summer afternoon when they gather in the windrows and the plantings, seeking shade from the sun.

It was on just such a lazy October day that I hunted them recently with Dr. E. G. DeMoss of Minot. In the three decades since Hungarian partridge have been legal game in North Dakota, the doctor has not missed an open season. His dental patients learned long ago to leave their teeth put in order during the summer, because, after opening day, the doctor is out where the Huns are.

We hunted in an area some 70 miles southwest of Minot, an area of open fields broken only by lines of windrows. Here the plantings are rarely more than a quarter of a mile long or 20 to 30 yards wide and two people can easily cover a dozen or more on a leisurely hunt. With few exceptions, every man holds not only partridge but an exciting variety of other game. For example, a rancous cock pheasant burst from the first planting, and down a few yards some 16 sharp-tailed grouse sprang into the air.

We walked abreast along the edges of either side of the windrow, a Labrador retriever at heel and a Brittany spaniel out ahead. The close-ranging Brittany is especially suited to this kind of hunting, since he can be taught to approach Huns cover cautiously and point the birds well before reaching them. This is important, because unlike bobwhite quail, Hungarians are skittish and rarely sit tight to a dog. Usually they will flush wild out of shooting range; and even within range, their swift and erratic flight makes them difficult targets for the best of shots.

When the Brittany pointed, therefore, he was signaling not a covey under his nose but Huns some 30 or 40 yards ahead. Though the Hungarians are inclined to go up early, it is impossible to predict what they will do. One covey burst into the air before we reached the dog; another held until we passed it and then, gabbling noisily, took off almost under our feet. In fact, no two coveys of the many dozen flushed were exactly alike, and this, perhaps, is an important reason why the Hungarian ranks so high as a sporting target.

But there are other reasons. Once flushed, the birds seldom fly much beyond a few hundred yards, and a sharp-

eyed hunter can usually spot where they sit down—in a field or in another planting—and then walk them up again. We flushed the same large covey of Huns several times this way.

The endurance of the birds brought down was exceptional. Even clearly hit, a Hun may fly more than 100 yards before falling. This is why a retriever is a necessity. A dead bird, down at a distance, is hard to find. And a crippled Hun tends to sit motionless. More than one has been stepped over by a hunter who failed to see the bird huddled at the bottom of a furrow.

Thanks to his ubiquitous nature, the Hungarian provides a bonus for seekers after pheasants, sharp-tail, ruffed grouse and even ducks. It is this bonus of hunting excitement that brings out-of-state hunters back into North Dakota each year. And it is the sort of bonus that other regions can provide by supplementing their native birds with adaptable immigrants. This already is being done in the Southwest, particularly in Nevada where the chukar partridge was imported from India to become the No. 1 game bird. Other states are experimenting with even more exotic birds—the kalp pheasant in Virginia, the bamboo partridge in Missouri and the red jungle fowl in, of all places, Oklahoma. Some of these birds may turn out to be as unhappy with their new environments as Rachel's birds were as they sat in the rain in New Jersey. But as they settle into the proper habitat, it is not overoptimistic to think these imports ultimately may provide gamblers all over the U.S. with as much sport as the Hungarian partridge now offers in North Dakota.

809





A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE, PRIVATEER (LEFT) GORGES AS A SPANERO'S STICK WHIZZES BY HIS FACE AFTER HITTING BALL

A well-kept international secret

**Almost nobody knew it, but
just the other day U.S. field hockey
had itself a six-flag jamboree**

When it comes to field hockey," says New York's John Rose, coming straight to the point, "I'm like a fanatic; I'll go to any length to promote its growth in the United States." Rose, who has picked a row that would be hard to hoe even with a hoe let alone a hockey stick, is chairman of the Privateers, America's foremost (there is no other) international men's field hockey touring team. Fellow Privateers, who play for the most part in Rye, N.Y. and Greenwich, Conn., share Rose's obsession. To demonstrate as much, they recently went to the extraordinary length of inviting to their home grounds 120 other players

from such faraway hockey hotbeds as Spain, the Netherlands Antilles, Bermuda, the West Indies and Canada. John Rose met their planes, paired them off in 22 games, played himself as captain of the Privateers, shepherded his polyglot charges through two days of sightseeing in Washington, D.C., stood up under the pressures of a dozen or so cocktail parties, buffet dinners and outdoor barbecues, and hoped, in weary conclusion, that the third Privateers' International Hockey Festival had been just the tonic American men's field hockey needed.

Traditionally a schoolgirls' game in this country, men in other lands have been playing field hockey for the Lord knows how long: pebble rolling is its prehistoric ancestor, hockey has been an Olympic contest since 1908, and Grecian boys, neatly dressed in nothing, can be seen playing the game on some

sequestered amphoras. Even today, when played by its best practitioners, amateur field hockey (the only kind) attracts crowds of up to 20,000 in India, and enjoys a fair-sized popularity in Europe, Britain and in the West Indies.

Since U.S. girls got hold of it first (the two have been the best of chums since Victorian days), field hockey here is stigmatized as sissy, which it is not. The burden nonetheless has been almost insurmountable—most of the few American men who do play the game are foreign-born and learned it as boys somewhere else (of the Privateers' 40-old members, only four were born in the U.S.).

It is the Privateers' sustaining conviction, however, that all field hockey needs is a chance to prove itself in America, and that given that chance it would excite and sweep the nation. Largely on the basis of this thought—another

was that nobleman but still lively intangible He called "international good will and friendship" the Privaters formed their club five years ago. To their credit, they have never been beaten on U.S. soil. They have been beaten, of course, on the five continents they have visited, but they have never been beaten by Russia. "They won't play us," says John Rose, who adds darkly: "I think they're working very hard building a formidable team. They guard those things just like they do their nuclear bombs."

Donald Duck and Grace Coolidge

Since even field hockey players sometimes tire of their game ("Oh, gosh yes, man," said a West Indian), play was interrupted in midweek for sightseeing in Washington. Transported there by bus, the players were installed in barracks at Bolling Air Force Base. Later, the Spaniards were guests for 90 minutes of the Spanish ambassador (who served his foot-trotting guests that splendid American beverage, Donald Duck, canned orange juice), the Antilleans of the Netherlands Minister Plenipotentiary (who was kept waiting 90 minutes by a lost bus), and the Bermudians and West Indians of a Washington-based Privater (who hurt his back dancing the limbo). A tour of the White House also was arranged. It was in the Red Room that one Spaniard wondered when Grace Coolidge had been President, and it was on the North Porch that everyone wondered where the current President was. Unhappily, he was unavailable, leaving John Rose the sad duty of surrendering to a presidential aide a field hockey stick inscribed with John F. Kennedy's name.

Back at work at field hockey a few days later, the festival ran out in mid-day course. Whether John Rose succeeded in proving his contention that field hockey was potentially popular in any game going is debatable—the spectators at most of the matches played ranged from zero to three dozen—but fast and furious it certainly was, with enough whacked shins and elbowed noses to test the mettle of any ho-man. And the course of international amity was well served too—uneasily rationalized was never able to intrude upon the polite and well-bred festivities, since the games were scored individually so that no team could claim it had "won the tournament." Ever near, the Privaters wound up with the best record (five wins and two ties) and Bermuda had the worst (one win and four losses). **END**

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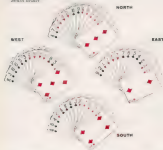
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Britannia rules the tables

Early this month, in the picturesque Devonshire seaside resort of Torquay, Britain's contract bridge team withstood teams representing 15 countries to win the European Championship for the first time since 1954. In the intervening years France—who took second place in Torquay—won the title in 1955 and the World Olympiad in 1960. Italy—a scrambling fourth this year—won in four successive years, 1956–59.

Britain's triumphant foursome—Nico Gardener, Albert Ross, Kenneth Konstam, Claude Rodrigue, Alan Truscott and

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
10	30	30	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Jack of spades

Anthony Friday, with Louis Tarlo as nonplaying captain—will represent Europe in the world championship matches for the Bermuda Bowl to be played in New York City beginning February 10 next year. Do not, however, leap to the hopeful conclusion that Italy's four-time winners have thus been eliminated from that event. By winning in Buenos Aires last April, Italy gained her fourth successive Bermuda

victory and automatically qualified to defend in 1962. Under the rules it was impossible for Italy to qualify another year for the February tourney; had Italy won in Torquay, the country finishing second would have sent its team to the U.S.

With France still crippled by the suspension of one international pair and the deliberate absence of another because of a current feud in French bridge politics, the powerful English team was favored in Torquay and piled up a formidable early lead. This was one of the deals that contributed heavily to its sixth-round victory over France, 107 to 79.

The bidding shown took place when the hand was played in the closed room, with Gardener and Ross playing North-South for Britain. South won the spade, knocked out the ace of diamonds and, when East returned a spade, declarer galloped off with 10 tricks—four diamonds, four clubs and two spades.

The contract was the same, but the story was different when the French stars, Pierre Ghessem and René Bucherich, played the North-South hands in the Bridgerama—the room where the electric board was set up in one of 12th century Torre Abbey's outbuildings known as the Spanish Barn, because, according to legend, survivors of the ill-fated Spanish Armada of 1588 took refuge there. It was no place of refuge for the French pair, however.

Rodrigue (West), who once played international bridge for Egypt, hit upon the devastating opening lead of the heart 10, taken by East's ace. Konstam (East) returned the spade 9, which was allowed to force dummy's ace. Ghessem wisely decided to rescue as much as he could from the impending wreck and grabbed his four high clubs before leading a diamond, taken by Konstam's ace.

A spade return would have insured that the defenders won the rest. However, East returned a low heart. West won with the 8 and cashed the queen; then, fearing that East did not have a second spade, West took home his king before leading to East's jack of hearts. East cashed the fifth club to chalk up the third undertrick before conceding the last diamond. The 930 combined plus was worth 15 International Match Points and wouldn't have scored another point even if the contract had been set four.

EXTRA TRICK

Yes, five diamonds would have been cold. But interference bidding of the kind put up by West makes it difficult to reach the perfect contract—which helps to point up the value of the weak jump-overcall.

END

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6. "Telar" is made by Du Pont.

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Better Things by Better Living — Through Chemistry

NBA SCOUTING REPORTS

Russell in the East and muscle in the West should triumph again

Two shrewd new coaches from the college ranks will help their teams, and rookies will aid others, but the likely winners are still the Celtics and the Hawks. With depth, plus Bill Russell and Bob Cousy, Boston should win a close eastern race, while big, brawling St. Louis faces less trouble in the West.



PHILADELPHIA WARRIORS

Web Chamberlain, the Warriors' moomy 7-foot 2-inch center, broke 10 NBA records last season and became the first pro to score 3,000 points.

This year, under new Coach Frank McGuire (see page 30), he may not be the league's top scorer, but he will be an immensely better team player. He is adapting himself to McGuire's college-style offense, which calls for lots of passing by two fast, small guards, Gus Rodgers and Al Attles. Bigger and slightly slower, Tom Goetz is now playing regularly as a forward, where he joins bulky Paul Arizin, the slowest man (and best shot) in this quick offense. Ed Crotch rounds out the backcourt, and 6-foot-6 Tom Meschery, this year's best rookie, adds muscle up front. The team badly needs what McGuire calls "one mean, big man." But plenty of foes will find the new Warriors nasty enough.

WARRIORS VS. OPPONENTS 1955-56

	WON	LOST
Boston	5	5
Syracuse	6	4
New York	1	2
St. Louis	1	2
Los Angeles	5	2
Denver	5	1
Cincinnati	5	2
Totals	35	33

LEADING SCORERS*

Web Chamberlain	16.3
Paul Arizin	24.2
Sam Latta	14.2

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Web Chamberlain	27.2
Tom Goetz	9.4
Paul Arizin	8.8

*Per game average.



BOSTON CELTICS

Last year the Celtics could have won it all, and they almost did, beating Philadelphia by 31 games for their fifth consecutive Eastern Division title. This year they are still the best in the NBA,

but they will have to win all the way to prove it. Bill Sharman (16.3 points a game) and Gene Conley (sublime center) are gone. Bob Cousy is still matchless, but he is after 35. Coach Red Auerbach has nine returning veterans, however, so the changes won't be fatal. The Joneses (Sam and K.C.), line-drive-shooting Tom Heinsohn, Frank Ramsey and Tom Sanders, who performed so well as a rookie in last year's playoffs, will share Sharman's points. Cousy paces himself well, and Auerbach can afford to rest him often. Bill Russell, the defensive wonder who was last season's MVP, is back with a groove and a better shot. The Celtics' future depends on Russell. If he stays healthy, it's Boston.

CELTICS VS. OPPONENTS 1955-56

	WON	LOST
Philadelphia	5	5
Syracuse	10	1
New York	10	1
St. Louis	6	4
Los Angeles	5	2
Denver	5	2
Cincinnati	5	1
Totals	57	22

LEADING SCORERS*

Tom Heinsohn	21.3
Bill Sharman	19.1
Bill Russell	16.0

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Bill Russell	27.9
Gene Heinsohn	9.0
Gene Conley	7.1

*Per game average.



SYRACUSE NATIONALS

Despite the presence of three rookies, Syracuse is back with much the same strengths and weaknesses as last year. Hal Greer and Larry Crowell still combine to make one of perhaps the best backcourt in the league. Greer is an excellent middle-distance jump shot, and Crowell is worth 10 points on defense alone. Dick Barnett has gone to the ABL. However, a new corner, Paul Seymour, a fast shot and a good playmaker, may help the Nationals offense more than Barnett, while sparing less. The master of the forecourt is, of course, Dolph Schayes, now in his 14th season and 14 all-over. Dave Gambee and a budding rookie, Lee Shaffer, are the other top forwards, with hook-shooting John Kerr and huge (7-foot-3) and improving Swede Halbrook the somewhat erratic centers. Syracuse will depend less on its guards, get the ball to the forwards for closer shots, and make the playoffs.

NATIONALS VS. OPPONENTS 1955-56

	WON	LOST
Boston	4	10
Philadelphia	7	6
New York	4	5
St. Louis	4	6
Los Angeles	1	6
Denver	6	4
Cincinnati	6	4
Totals	36	41

LEADING SCORERS*

Dolph Schayes	21.6
Hal Greer	19.6
Dick Barnett	16.0

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Hal Greer	12.2
John Kerr	9.0
Lee Shaffer	7.4

*Per game average.



ST. LOUIS HAWKS

It isn't so much that the Hawks were under the Western Division; they play under. They won't be regulars two seasons ago, and 25 games last year. This season they are better, but the competition is too. So the Hawks may win by only half as many. Their terrifying forward of Bob Pettit, Clyde Loefflette and Cliff Hagan is as deadly accurate with its shots and as bulldozing on defense as ever. Old Larry Foster is showing new skill and correct technique. Ken Myers, top player in the circuit last year, may be added. They may be poor backcourt shooting. Coach Paul Seymour came up with a surprising find in impressive Glen Hill. Very fast and a good shot. Hill will be a starter. N. Green, John McCarthy and another good shooter, Len Wilkerson, of one of the Area (in time) are among the able backcourt men. Seymour calls the team "my boy." Who can argue?

HAWKS VS. OPPONENTS

1960-61	WINS	LOS
Boston	4	4
Philadelphia	7	3
Syracuse	6	4
New York	4	3
Los Angeles	5	3
Denver	10	3
Cincinnati	7	6
Totals	21	28

LEADING SCORERS*

Bob Pettit	27.9
Clyde Loefflette	27.7
Cliff Hagan	21.8

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Bob Pettit	20.3
Clyde Loefflette	20.3
Cliff Hagan	9.2

*Per game average



LOS ANGELES LAKERS

The Lakers were the surprise of the NBA last year. Starting off slowly, partly because of a bad schedule break, they won 11 of their last 25 and nearly beat the Hawks in the playoffs. Now the schedule is better, and so is the team, led by Elgin Baylor, the best all-around player in the league, a rookie hall on defense and a fantastic scorer. Tom Heinsohn and Rudy Lofgren complete a good frontcourt. Last year's fine rookie, Jerry West, is a surprising 25th best this season, and James Hayes, coming from the ABA, is back in college. Both are now excellent defensively. But Coach Fred Schaus must solve the huge problem at center. Arkward Ray Felix played a streak of good ball last season, but can't be expected to keep it up, nor is Jim Krebs likely to improve. Rookie Wayne Vane, an excellent point, may help, but has a leg injury. With even an average center the Lakers could win it all. But nobody is about to give them one.

LAKERS VS. OPPONENTS

1960-61	WINS	LOS
Boston	2	5
Philadelphia	2	5
Syracuse	6	4
New York	7	3
St. Louis	5	5
Denver	9	4
Cincinnati	5	6
Totals	35	41

LEADING SCORERS*

Elgin Baylor	34.6
Jerry West	17.6
Rudy Lofgren	16.6

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Elgin Baylor	19.8
Rudy Lofgren	19.0
Jerry West	7.6

*Per game average



NEW YORK KNICKS

In dire need of a big, brilliant center, the Knickerbockers found they had no chance of getting one this year and got the next best thing instead—a small, brilliant coach. Fiddle Dimesian comes to the Knicks from St. Bonaventure with a teaching for errors, devotion to hustle and thorough teaching technique. But New York will be some time rebuilding.

The nucleus of the team today comprises Willie Naulls, who had his finest season last year, and quick Johnny Green in the corners. The centers, who can't compete with the NBA's better ones, are Phil Jordan and Elamell Imhoff. All-Star Richie Guerin will be playing alongside a rookie in the backcourt, probably Whitney Martin, an ex-Bonnie whose ball handling and driving beat out the controlled offense Dimesian wants. The Knicks will win games on enthusiasm alone, but not enough to escape the cellar.

KNICKS VS. OPPONENTS

1960-61	WINS	LOS
Boston	1	10
Philadelphia	2	11
Syracuse	5	8
St. Louis	3	9
Los Angeles	1	7
Denver	5	5
Cincinnati	2	8
Totals	21	58

LEADING SCORERS*

Willie Naulls	23.4
Richie Guerin	23.1
Dick Garmoner	15.8

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Willie Naulls	13.4
Johnny Green	10.5
Phil Jordan	8.5

*Per game average



CINCINNATI ROYALS

The Royals passed up their opportunity to draft a good player with high, which they had to have, and were intent for follow-up Larry Segrest, only to lose him to the new league. This leaves

them eventually unchanged from a year ago and with little to do but wait for Jerry Lucas (if he turns pro) or Paul Hogue to graduate from college. The Royals' two stars, Forward Jack Twyman and Guard Oscar Robertson, will lead the team scoring again and conceivably the NBA as well. But earnest Wayne Embry at center and Hub Reed at the other forward spot do not give the Royals enough rebounding to allow them maximum use of their offensive assets. Guard Arlen Buckner, an adequate pro, will start, backed up by ex-Knuckian Adrian Smith. Neither rookies Bob Nordman (6-foot 10) or Bob Wiesenhahn will be much immediate help. In an improving league, the Royals are worse

ROYALS VS. OPPONENTS

1960-61	WINS	LOS
Boston	1	7
Philadelphia	2	8
Syracuse	4	6
New York	8	2
St. Louis	6	7
Los Angeles	8	5
Denver	2	11
Totals	33	46

LEADING SCORERS*

Oscar Robertson	30.5
Jack Twyman	25.3
Wayne Embry	14.4

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Wayne Embry	10.9
Oscar Robertson	10.1
Jack Twyman	8.5

*Per game average

CONTINUED



DETROIT PISTONS

The Pistons have a new home (\$18 million Cobo Hall) and new hopes. Two outstanding rookies make this the most improved team in the league. One is Ray Scott, a 6-foot-7 good-shooting corner who has played three seasons with Allentown, Pa., in the Eastern League. The other is minuscule (well, 4-foot) John Egan, a whirling guard who led Providence College to the NET championship last spring and spent four summers being tutored by another far playermaker, Bob Cousy. Either may break into a starting lineup that includes Bailey Howell and Bob Ferry up front, with All-Star Gene Shue and Don Ohl in the backcourt. Walker Dukes had three summer operations (foot, nose and appendix) and is still trying to operate more carefully at center himself, where he fouled out 36 times last year. He must get the rebounds that make Coach Dick McGuire's new fast-break offense possible.

PISTONS VS. OPPONENTS

1960-61	WON	LOST
Boston	2	8
Philadelphia	3	5
New York	4	4
St. Louis	3	10
Los Angeles	4	9
Cincinnati	11	2
Totals	34	41

LEADING SCORERS*

Bailey Howell	21.3
Gene Shue	23.8
Don Ohl	13.3

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Bailey Howell	14.2
Walker Dukes	14.1
George Luu	8.5

*Per game average



CHICAGO PACKERS

No professional league needs its new franchises with talent good enough to drub the older members, and the NBA is no exception. Thus the infant Chicago Packers may not be an outright lemon but for this year at least their performance is going to be a little sour. The Packers will play in the International Amphitheater, an 8,300-seat hall where Rickey Green and Nixon were sentenced in recent political convulsion. The court has dead spots, and in spite of recent repairs may benefit the knowing home team as much as night points. The Packers need the help. Coach Jim Pollard has a squad of too many rookies and too much average talent, and understandably says, "The entire team will have to play as well as it can through the entire season just to make the playoffs." Standing at center is 6-foot 11-inch Walt Bellamy, the NBA's top draft choice from the colleges, who is a strong rebounder but a relative innocent on offense. Horace Walker, another rookie, will start at forward, along with Barney Cable, a veteran of three years' pro experience whom Sportsman found expendable. Andy Johnson and John Turner, Louisville's star last year, will help in the forward. In the backcourt are two able but hardly winning NBA performers, Bailey Leonard and Vern Riffe, with rookie Chuck Laine also available. Without an outstanding scorer, the Packers hope for point production from the entire team through a fast-break offense that might succeed in spite of only average speed. This is understandably a building year for the Packers, and the building will be from the bottom.

AND A NEW LEAGUE OPENS TOO

Turnip-shaped Abe Saperstein, owner of the renowned Harlem Globetrotters and the most glittering of all basketball's extravagant entrepreneurs, this week opens his own American Basketball League. Founded in pique—Saperstein wanted an NBA franchise but couldn't get one, so he set up the ABL, made himself commissioner and then awarded

himself its own Chicago franchise—the new league faces nearly insurmountable problems. Its eight teams play 90 games from Washington, D.C., to Honolulu, Hawaii, an unparalleled travel burden. Few of its players could make NBA teams, and the financing of some of its franchises is weak. But it has assets too, most notably the bubbling mind of Commis-

sioner Saperstein. Already he has brought a major innovation to the ABL, the counterpart of a home run, by scoring three points for any basket made from farther than about 25 feet out. He is considering a bold plan for pooling all team travel costs, and he is drawing on a reservoir of good will built up over 34 years by his Trotters. The Trotters themselves will be used as arena-filling attractions before some ABL games, thus introducing fans to the ABL's own top players. Among these are: Dick Barnett and Larry Siegfried with Cleveland; Jim Palmer and Connie Hawkins with Pittsburgh; Tony Jackson and Cal Ramsey with Washington; Mike Farmer and Ken Sears with San Francisco; Bill Sharman (player-coach), Hal Layton, Bill Spivey and George Yardley with Los Angeles; and Frank Bargar with Honolulu. "The NBA said we didn't have a chance in hell of getting started," says Saperstein. "But we did. How long will we last? Time will tell."

END

EASTERN DIVISION

CHICAGO MAJORS

Coach: Andy Phillip, ex-NBA coach
Arena: Chicago Stadium, 15,000

CLEVELAND PIPERS

Coach: John McLendon, ex-NBA coach
Arena: Public Hall, 7,500

PITTSBURGH BEES

Coach: Neil Johnson, ex-NBA coach
Arena: Public Auditorium, 11,000

WASHINGTON TAPERS

Coach: Paul Cotton and Stan Stutz
Arena: Washington Coliseum, 7,100

WESTERN DIVISION

HAWAII OWERS

Coach: Red Racha, ex-NBA coach
Arena: Honolulu City Auditorium, 7,100

KANSAS CITY STEERS

Coach: Jack McMahon, ex-NBA player
Arena: Municipal Auditorium, 9,000

LOS ANGELES JETS

Coach: Bill Sharman, ex-NBA player
Arena: Los Angeles Arena, 11,000
Olympic Auditorium, 8,500

SAN FRANCISCO SAINTS

Coach: Phil Wapner, ex-college coach
Arena: Levi Palace, 12,000



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ance. ¶ Later you will probably want the advantages of traditional, life-long insurance—protection plus savings and borrowing values. Simply change all or part of your Change-Easy Term Insurance—without medical exam—to an Occidental plan that provides those benefits. ¶ Make sense? Low cost protection at first; life-long insurance with all its advantages later. Call your Occidental representative or write Morace Brower at Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, 1153 South Broadway, Los Angeles 15, California.

Occidental Life



The French Line is about to decommission the luxury liner "Liberté," a great but ancient lady of the sea. The author of this story is a practical man—he accepts automobiles and airplanes—but he also is a sentimentalist who insists that passenger ships represent the last truly civilized method of travel. Here he bids farewell to his favorite vessel and recalls her swart charon

LOVE SONG TO THE LIBERTÉ

by JOE DAVID BROWN

When I was very young I was privileged to have a friend who understood the language of locomotives. His name was Mr. Caldwell, and he was a thin, leathery old man who took his own sweet time about everything he did, whether it was idling his pipe or speaking his mind. Mr. Caldwell had been a railroader all his life, and until he retired he had been a passenger engineer on the Louisville and Nashville for 20 years. On long summer evenings when there was scarcely any sound at all, Mr. Caldwell and I would sit together on his front porch and watch the lightning bugs blink and listen for the far-off resounding oar of train whistles. Mr. Caldwell always knew what they were saying. "That's a K-1 oil switch engine roundin' up a crew," he might say, or, "That's No. 26 Movin' for the crossin' at Mondale." Sometimes he would take out his heavy railroad watch and snap open the cover and say, "The Seaboard's ruinin' 13 minutes late from Atlanta," or he might laugh quietly and say, "That's ole Ed Bewles. I know his touch. He's a-bullin' the jack an' wants everybody to know it."

One summer evening as we sat together in the darkness, Mr. Caldwell said—for no particular reason that I can recall—something that I have never forgotten. "I feel sorry for you, son," he said. "By the time you're grown, everybody will be getting places so fast they won't even know what it

was like to relax and ponder along the way."

Over the years there have been many times when I have had good reason to recall Mr. Caldwell's prophecy. I have thought about it often when I have booked passage on an airline and have not even asked which route my plane was following but only how long it

would take to reach my destination. I have remembered it on some weary occasions when I have driven more than 500 miles in one day and have not paid much attention to anything except highway signs and a couple of roadside restaurants and filling stations. I have had particular reason to reflect on it a few times when I have flown halfway around the world at one stretch and have sat in a sort of mental vacuum, scarcely glancing at the countries passing under my window like sections unrolling from a gigantic relief map.

Despite these dreary experiences, I have grown up to discover one form of travel that still is practically untouched by the jet and plastic age. When I have the time, the money and the inclination, I can travel with style amidst gilt and glitter and splendor that Mr. Caldwell never saw in even the grandest Pullman palace car. I do it simply by booking passage on one or another of the famous luxury liners plying the North Atlantic run. These floating Elysiums have schedules, to be sure, and in offices hidden somewhere there must

It was impossible to sail on the "Liberté" and cruise comfortably to find. At times one felt it was a company restaurant

Continued



LIBERTÉ —continued

be people who are concerned with seeing that they make money. But such vulgarities are not supposed to concern passengers, and they seldom do. Where either forms of travel peddle speed as their most important commodity, or, at least, make it a consideration, the ocean liners promise nothing really except splendor and luxury.

Altogether there are 24 shipping firms operating about 60 passenger ships on North Atlantic routes during the summer season. At least half a dozen of these ships—perhaps more, if someone has a favorite he insists on including—are luxury cocoons of the premier rank. Deciding which one has the most to offer is an intensely personal and mysterious matter, and a man shouldn't have to explain his choice or even necessarily how it on logic, just as he shouldn't be expected to explain why he can keep company with a succession of glamorous and beautiful women and finally honestly propose to only one. So I am not trying to influence anyone or provoke an argument when I confess that my heart belongs to the *Liberté*.

The *Liberté* is, of course, a French ship, long the pride of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, known in this country as the French Line, and referred to by employees and seasoned travelers as *La Transat*. Along with hundreds of

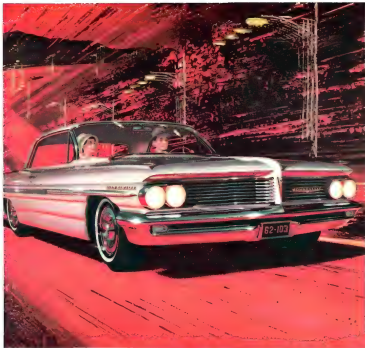
her faithful admirers, I was saddened recently to learn that *La Transat* has decided that the stiff and furious competition in the North Atlantic is too much for the glamorous old *Liberté*. She will be taken off the run next month and replaced by a new ship much heavier and reputed to be infinitely more beautiful and arduous, named the *Provence*.

When I made a westbound crossing on the *Liberté* last spring, a farewell gesture to an old friend, I could find no signs of decrepitude in her pampered 936-foot hull nor was there any evidence that the *joie de vivre* is fading from her 120,000-horsepower heart. Still, the *Liberté* made her maiden voyage in 1930 as the *Europe*, and that does make her old. Compared with some of the sleek young rivals that have been launched in recent years, the *Liberté* is a veritable grundle dome. Besides, though nobody mentions it much anymore, the *Liberté* is a lady with a rough and chockered past. She began life as a German liner 30 years ago and was a well-known fixture on the North Atlantic run. The *Europe* went off into hiding during World War II, and when American forces entered Bremerhaven in 1945 they found her sitting there placidly with a German crew still aboard and almost no damage.

The Americans promptly gave the already aging ship the toughest experience

of her life. They crammed her full of bombs, turned her *grand salon* into a basketball court and pressed her into duty as a troop carrier. For almost a year she shuttled the Atlantic, returning home thousands of GIs, most of whom whined away the tedium of the voyage by carving their initials into everything in sight or by scrawling scandalous messages in all the usual, and sometimes some highly unusual, places. In 1946 the Inter-Ally Reparation Agency awarded the ship to the French. Since she cost well over \$19 million to build, she was, as far as anybody can determine, the biggest single war prize ever awarded a nation in history.

The French rechristened their prize the *Liberté* and sent her off to the shipyards for a complete remodeling job. The task took three and a half years and cost an astronomical number of francs, which finally totaled up to \$19.5 million, or just about what the ship cost in the first place. The French did more than beautify and repair the *Liberté*, of course. They installed new engines and a new lighting system, shifted her ballast to make her ride more smoothly, equipped her with all sorts of modern devices to detect and fight fires and even slenderized her hull. They redecorated her from scratch, and when the *Liberté* took to



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sea there were only a few inconsequential bits and pieces of German equipment hidden around to remind one of her Teutonic origin.

The *Liberté* is not really a big ship, as modern liners go: she has never been considered very large (the *Queens*, *Elizabeth* and *Mary*, are more than 30,000 tons heavier). Nor does everybody think the *Liberté* is the grandest and most palatial ship. Over the years people frequently have said slighting, and even harsh, things about the *Liberté*'s rich and varied furnishings and appointments. They claim that her thick rugs, crystal chandeliers, tapestries, mosaics, statuary and murals add up to a sort of *moderne* Versailles. Some of these critics prefer the functional and *avant-garde* décor of American and Italian liners. Others feel more at home amidst the paneled and polished brass elegance of British ships. But I happen not only to enjoy, but to esteem, the *Liberté*'s gilded and glossy atmosphere, from the murals in the enormous lounge right down to the old-fashioned wallpaper in some of the state-rooms. It all seems to me to be gloriously French; perhaps a bit more frantically than natural life but glorious all the same.

Passengers demand different things from ship anyway. Some of us hold that returning from Europe by ship instead of by plane is the classic way to wind up a strenuous vacation devoted to sightseeing or sunbaking. It is the ideal way to unwind, to get the digestion back on schedule, to relax and finally to get some rest before subsiding to the daily grind back home. People making a business trip to Europe sometimes like to take a ship both ways. It gives them a useful interval of luxury, a respite from jangling telephones and pressing secretaries; for days on end they don't have to make any decisions more momentous than what they will order to eat or whether they will have consommé or *à la crème* with their sea-bird.

There is a second group of passengers aboard every ship—and sometimes it seems to predominate—which wants gaiety and action and is willing to turn the ship upside down to find it. These passengers want a party every hour on the

hour and many of them also want to splash in the pool, play table tennis or shuffleboard, or wham golf balls on the driving range and shoot skeet from the sundeck. They also want to drink champagne and dance until dawn and they like to wear paper hats and throw paper snowballs and pop balloons.

There is always a tiny third group of passengers aboard every ship. They are usually making their first voyage and they are not quite sure what they want, except that they don't want to be overlooked or forgotten. Usually they are either very elderly or very young. Sometimes they are schoolteachers or working girls who have saved up for a fling. Often they are widows or widowers. Almost always they are alone, and sometimes they are bewildered or embarrassed by shipboard routine and they are not sophisticated enough to realize it is permitted to ask questions.

Scattered among these three major groups are always a few *passagers de marque*—travelers who, because of their wealth, influence or celebrity, merit special attention from the shipping lines. These are the people who sit at the captain's table or have drinks with the purser. If they are entertainers, usually they are paraded upon to display their talents at the captain's gala, a festive party that always is held two nights before a ship docks. But ordinary passengers, too, require vast attention. On rare occasions they are born: on more occasions than one might think they die. Old-time card sharks have almost disappeared from the scene, but there are a few around, still and ship officers must do what they can to see that passengers stay out of their clutches. Passengers sometimes require medical attention; they always need barbers and hairdressers and tailors and stenographers. And there are always minor emergencies—a lonely poodle in the kennel refuses to eat, or a queasy passenger gives up the struggle and gets sick in the middle of the dance floor.

Blending so many different groups into a harmonious and manageable whole, seeing that they enter a shipboard world of their own choosing, feeding them and supplying their myriad demands, seeing that the lonely meet people and the ce-

lebrities get buttered up, that nobody is bled or embarrassed or simply ignored, requires a bit of a miracle. Yet all the big ships pull it off on every voyage. Furthermore, most of them manage to do it with a flair or a graceful little twist that is a hallmark all their own. On the French line it is called *l'atmosphère Thénosir*. It leaves passengers with a warm glow, a feeling that nothing is important except their comfort and everything they want done will be done well and done quickly. It does not necessarily involve an unusual or spectacular service.

For instance, when my wife and I embarked on the *Liberté* off Southampton in June, we were weary, disgruntled and ready to snap someone up for the afternoon of discomfort we had just experienced. A railroad strike in France had delayed the boat train so that the *Liberté* was more than three hours late sailing from Le Havre. This meant a similar delay for those of us who were waiting to board the ship at Southampton. Finally, we were herded aboard buses and taken to a local hotel and fed the kind of poorly prepared and unimaginative dinner that has given English cookery a bad name—gray and greasy lamb, stone-hard scalloped potatoes and watery vegetables.

When the *Liberté* finally did arrive for her rendezvous, the tides were not right, so she had to anchor much farther offshore than she does normally. For almost two hours our tender had to feel its way slowly up one channel and down another to reach her. Probably because they also were tired of waiting, some of the British crewmen aboard the tender had hoisted too many and were unbriskly plattered, bawdy and noisy. When we finally boarded the *Liberté*, chilled and gloomy, hungry and tired, I was prepared to complain to someone on the spot. But somehow, after one glance at the *Liberté*'s polished decks, the brightness in chandeliers and the bright smiles of welcome, it hardly seemed the time. A scrubbed-faced little *acconce* in red livery, who acted as if he had been eagerly awaiting our arrival all afternoon, quickly guided my wife and me to our stateroom. A blue-smocked porter delivered our baggage within a few minutes.

continued

and a smiling upward was making soothing inquiries. "Ah, Madame and Monsieur, I hope you are not fatigued. How unfortunate. What a bother for you. Is there anything you desire? A snack? Certainly, Monsieur—in one moment, Monsieur." He disappeared and in an incredibly short time had returned with a tray loaded with a variety of cold cuts, freshly baked brioches and creamy butter, and a bucket of champagne. *L'atmosphère Transat* began to glow just then.

It is not what is done so much as it is how it is done. It is based on tradition, intelligence, training, pride, a considerable amount of sensitivity and, unquestionably, cunning. The man chiefly responsible for keeping *L'atmosphère Transat* burning brightly on the *Liberté* was the chief purser, an urbane, thin-faced and rather handsome man of 35 named Robert Bellet. Pursers start with a rank of seventh grade and work their way up. La Transat has only four who rank as chief pursers, and M. Bellet was the dean of this select group. He was purser of the *Liberté* when she made her maiden voyage for the French Line in 1950, and he was still her purser when he retired this summer, having reached La Transat's mandatory retirement age. M. Bellet will be remembered as long as the *Liberté* is remembered and, in a sense, he was the *Liberté* to some people because he was primarily responsible for the charm that made her unique. M. Bellet, with La Transat for 34 years, spent 23 of them as a purser aboard 24 ships. He could summon up a kind of Quail d'Ouay bland charm when dealing with passengers, but he was basically an ungenerous, almost tactless, man who looked as if he had seen a great deal of human frailty and fully expected to see more at any moment.

M. Bellet believed a good purser is always on duty, and although his well-trained assistants could cope with almost any conceivable emergency, he was on call 24 hours a day when the *Liberté* was at sea. He could detect the lightest malfunction in *L'atmosphère Transat*, and though most of them wouldn't know M. Bellet if they met him, many a lonely or moping passenger on the *Liberté* sud-

denly found himself in the main stream and enjoying all sorts of delightful activities simply because M. Bellet had detected his unhappy state and issued a command to do something about it.

L'atmosphère Transat requires a great deal of manpower as well as know-how. It required 263 officers and sailors to run the *Liberté*, but it took a staff of about 700 stewards, stewardesses, barmen, waiters and what is known as service personnel, to keep the passengers happy. On a seasonal average the *Liberté* transported in the neighborhood of 1,000 passengers per crossing and, at first startled glance, it sometimes appeared that there

passed the equivalent of a college entrance examination even to be considered. Then he has to pass written and oral tests in French, English and Spanish, mathematics, accounting and law, and a few other subjects before he is allowed to approach a board of examiners that won him up as to appearance, personality, *savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre*. If he passes this test, he is given a berth as a student purser at 590 a month, and after three years at sea he is examined by the French Ministry of the Merchant Marine and he must prove he is thoroughly grounded in history, maritime law, geography and commerce. If he passes again, he is



were more uniformed attendants aboard than paying customers. At least 90% of La Transat's employees are careerists, and most of them work on the same ship regularly. La Transat sets surprisingly high standards for its help, and whether he was passing out paper hats, decorating a birthday cake, polishing your shoes, or tucking you in your deck chair, you could be certain the attendant on the *Liberté* had spent a long time in learning the rudiments of his trade. Most started at a tender age in a merchant-marine school and they had to shine brightly and survive a thorough screening before La Transat hired them and sent them to an *école Avignon* for two years more of polishing.

Qualifying for a purser's job with La Transat nowadays requires as much study and perseverance as it does to earn a doctorate. A candidate must have

given a *brevet de commissaire de la marine marchande*, which means that he is at last a purser—seventh-class.

Sea travelers are notorious experts and food is one of their major preoccupations, so it is not surprising that all the great ships have superb kitchens. To say that the cuisine of one luxury liner is superior to that of another is not only foolhardy but futile, like arguing whether Carême was a better chef than Escoffier. But it is true that on no ship was good cooking such a tradition, was the ordering and preparation of meals such a ritual, and the art of gastronomy such a topic of conversation as it was on the *Liberté*.

It is a rare Frenchman who isn't interested in the art of cooking, to be sure, but on the *Liberté* the art had been elevated until it was almost a religion. He

may prefer the simple delights of *culine bougnale* for himself, but every crewman, from the youngest recruit to the captain on the bridge, took a fierce pride in the *Liberé's* *assez culine* and was always willing to put a minute and often knowingly to descriptions of meals that had just been finished and to make suggestions for meals to come. Naturally, this consuming interest in food soon began to affect passengers. When they fell into conversation, sooner or later the talk turned to what they had ordered for dinner last night and what new sauce they had discovered at lunch. After a few days at sea, it was a rare passenger

serving chef stood at attention behind the enormous central buffet, which was decorated with bombon baskets carrying billowing spun sugar bows and covered with platters bearing four kinds of ham, and almost every other cold meat imaginable. Champagne corks popped discreetly, Burgundy corks were stifled, old friends who had never laid eyes on each other until they boarded the *Liberé* chatted amiably, plates were removed and compliments given, glasses were refilled, and nobody worried about a check, or, for the nonce, gave a thought to his waistline. Finally the fancy desserts began to flame, the Alaskan, the crepes

"Paston, Monsieur, but I am informed you have ordered the sale. It is also a favorite of mine, Monsieur. I have a white Bordeaux, a fine vintage, which complements it well, Monsieur. It goes with the meal—without charge, of course. Would Monsieur like to try it before he has his milk?"

During the course of every meal on the *Liberé*, the *maître d'hôtel* appeared, inquired about your health, asked how you liked your *déjeuner de sole* or *aiguillette de bœuf breuvé*, and, then, invariably, "Is there anything I can order for Monsieur or Madame tomorrow? Perhaps a *spécialité*? A soufflé, Madame—certainly. And for you, Monsieur? No? Ah, I would like to prepare you something. Has Monsieur tasted the *boudinblanc*? It is a fine *spécialité*, prepared by taking . . ." On an average there were at least 75 items on every menu on the *Liberé*, beginning with hors d'œuvres and ending with beverages, but at every meal every passenger in first class was asked if he would like a *spécialité*.

Coasting the crew and all classes of passengers, some 7,000 meals were served on the *Liberé* each day. The man responsible for seeing that they were prepared in the right way and served in the proper manner was the *chef de cuisine*, André Papion, a plump, apple-cheeked gentleman of 52, who, by his very position, must be ranked as one of the top chefs of his time. A native of Nantes, M. Papion had already served a long apprenticeship and worked in the *Hôtel Meurice* and the *Restaurant Viel* in Paris when, at 22, he joined La Transat. He worked in all departments on all the great French ships—the *Paris*, the *De la France*, and the *Normandie*—before he was named *chef de cuisine* of the *Liberé* in 1932. M. Papion is, of course, skilled in all the almost infinite divisions of *assez culinaire*, and he has an impressive array of citations and medals to prove it. His work aboard the *Liberé*, however, was entirely supervisory. There were 165 chefs, culinary specialists of various skills, and kitchen workers on M. Papion's staff and he had to keep a record of all food they prepared in their *cuisine* kitchens. At the same time he kept an eye on the butcher shop, the poultry



underd who did not fancy himself something of an epicure, or who did not feel he had the palate to become one if he only let himself go. It was impossible to sail on the *Liberé* and remain indifferent to food. At times one got the feeling that it was only a marooned seagoing restaurant, surrounded by facilities that allowed guests to rest or exercise before returning to table for another go at *l'apogée d'André Papion à la reine de crevette d'opéra à la polonaise*.

Any meal was something of an event on the *Liberé*, but dinner was a full-blown fete. The ladies donned their prettiest gowns and the gentlemen wore dinner jackets, and the huge dining room with its high curved ceiling and illuminated columns and colorful murals had a festive glow. There were flowers on the table and one pretty dress after another appeared on the central staircase while

soufflé, the Jubilee. There was more laughter, more compliments, and bombonage all around.

Maître d'hôtel and waiters on La Transat ships are masters in the art of seducing the timid and the stubborn into the pleasures of *assez culinaire*. It takes both gale and patience, for the passenger is royalty and they must not presume to question his regal order. They must not lift an eyebrow when he orders a glass of milk with his *côte de veau au jus*. They must not flinch or even avert their eyes when he desires catnap on his *sirois de Châtelet Carmoussé*. But quietly and subtly they usually manage to have their way with him. "This sauce is excellent, Monsieur, a *spécialité*, please to try it just as it is before you use the *couteur*. Good? Thank you, Monsieur, I am happy to know you like it." Or the *scrambler* may take over,



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LIBERTÉ *continued*

room, the hors d'oeuvre room, the fruit room, the grill room, the bakery, the pantry, and it was his responsibility to see that everything from the latest batch of croissants to the large and ornate sugar sculpture prepared in commemoration Bastille Day was up to the *Liberté's* exacting standards. Twice a day M. Papion held a conference with the *maîtres d'hôtel* from the first class to discuss with them the preparation of the specialties they had persuaded passengers to order. He also kept tabs on the food supplies. On a normal trip this would include 14,000 pounds of beef, 66,000 eggs, 6,000 pounds of fish, 220 pounds of oyster and 40 or 50 different kinds of cheese.

We were entering New York harbor on the morning I said my farewell to this elegant and luxury-charged old ship. Most of the passengers had crowded on deck to see the Statue of Liberty, so the rest of the ship was practically deserted except for members of the crew. I wandered into the Café de l'Atlantique and looked at the white ash walls and the translucent floor where pretty ladies danced in their stocking feet when the sea was rough. I went into the smoking room and looked around at the paneled ceiling and the lacquered murals. I went into the *grand salon* and admired the Chinese-red tapestries and the murals and the gilded gold pilasters, and then passed into the library and looked at the cherrywood bookcases and the sculptures. I peeked into the children's playroom with its Punch and Judy theater and its mechanical horse and donkey. I was standing at the door of the theater when the plump little mustached assistant purser came along. He knew immediately what I was doing. He stopped and said, "It is a pity to see her go—is it not, Monsieur?"

"Yes, it is," I said.

"I have spent nine years aboard her, Monsieur," he said. "To me, it is like parting from a woman you love."

"I can understand that," I said.

He shook his head. "But how could you, Monsieur? You were only a passenger and knew only her good side. Think how much you could have loved her if you had known her faults."



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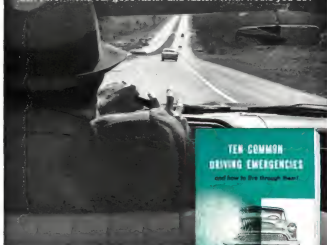
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The old devil of the Sierra Nevada

A confirmed individualist named
Norman Clyde has become a
legend in the mountains he loves

by HUSTON HORN

The Inyo National Forest, north of Los Angeles and just west of Bishop, Calif., is tucked into a pocket of the Sierra Nevada. As a forest, it is most notable for its profusion of boulders, rocks and pebbles (the tamarack and white bark pines are outnumbered 20:1 to one) and for its lyrical lakes and streams which feed the Los Angeles aqueduct and, some 300 miles later, it is melancholy to consider, debauch into that community's dishpans.

Although within 25 miles of Bishop and its bustling motels, sporting goods stores and take-it-or-leave-it cafés, the Inyo Forest is the habitat of all kinds of upcountry wildlife, friendly and ferocious alike. It has also been, for the past 40 years, one of the favored refuges of a particularly untamed individualist named Norman Asa Clyde. Mountaineer Clyde, who acts 40, looks 60 and, in fact, is almost 80, is a former schoolmaster who, one day, elected to become an emigrant from society. Now a solid, low-slung man with an oiled mottle, eyes the color of pale blue water, streaming white hair and a general air of dishevelment, he knows more about the cragges, arêtes and cinders of the Sierra Nevada than most men know about the street corners of their own neighborhoods.

But then few men are on such close terms with their neighborhoods as Norman Clyde is with the western mountains. In the four decades this free-wheeling, nonproductive eccentric has lived among these craggy heights, he has climbed nearly every respectable mountain from Mexico to Canada, and has wandered, happily homeless, from one end of the Sierra to the other. Indeed, *Climber's Guide to the High Sierra*, a sort of vertical *Burke's* for mountain types, mentions Clyde's name on nearly every page, usually because he got there first. And the longer he has climbed, the taller the tales about him have become, until they begin to take on the curbs of myth and legend. Norman Clyde, they say, approaches sainthood when he is in communion with the mountains, but when with men he is a cantankerous, unapproachable loner who prefers no company to his own, a man who would rather catch trout than sleep and who would rather read Vergil and Aristophanes in their original languages than eat.

Since all this is true, as legend often is, it is difficult to phrase an inclusive definition of the man. On the basis of the crusty, misanthropic exterior he affects and the fancy old clothes he wears (fowl knickers, green canvas boots, OD Army

shirt and Teddy Roosevelt campaign hat), not a few think Clyde is a loco old coot, and he himself partially accepts this judgment. "I reckon I have a cranial aberration," he says. "Why else would I be like one of the vertical migrants in the mountains—going up in the summer, coming down in the winter?" On the basis of the enormous amount of equipment Clyde customarily packs on his back when he travels, including cameras, guns, fishing poles, foreign books, axes, sleeping bag, skillet and pre-seasoned bonyon mix, he is sometimes known "as the pack that walks like a man." Strictly speaking, Clyde has not really forsaken civilization when he goes off into the wilderness. Rather, he takes as much of it with him as he can, sometimes in 100-pound loads. All things considered—his idiosyncrasies, his erudition (he reads, writes or speaks six foreign languages, and has a solid knowledge of most of the general sciences) and his delicate sensitivity to nature and her blandishments—Norman Clyde is perhaps more appropriately known as the last of the mountain men. In this capacity, he is, spiritually and physically, a throwback to those individualists of the 19th century who, driven by curiosity and supported by courage, explored the West as

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Sierra Nevada Legend

it opened. Hating the way for the sofas who were to follow someday in their campers and station wagons.

As Clyde will tell you, it is becoming increasingly hard to be the last of the mountain men, and he does not always face the drab backs of his role gracefully. For one thing, the current upsurge in family camping trips is everywhere evident in

the spot and I've probably been there already," he says. "If I can't think of a different route to take there's not much use in my going." By this logic, Norman has no further use for Mount Whitney, the highest peak—at 14,494 feet—in the old-time 48 states. With a galvanic love for the pile of granite, Clyde has been to Whitney's summit 30 times, by night and by day, in fair weather and foul, and in every season. He even helped accomplish



NORMAN CLYDE FISHES FOR GOLDEN TROUT AT DONKEY LAKE, HIGH IN THE INYO FOREST

Clyde's Sierra Nevada, and to escape the campers, their litter and their trail-climbing motor scooters. Clyde must seek the higher, less accessible recesses. "I feel the square rest like the animals do," he says. "I want to go farther in." That raises the problem of where on earth to go: Douglas-herry and Topsy Turvy lakes are no longer off the beaten track, and the same is true of Disappearing Creek, Evolution Valley, Inconceivable Range, the Devil's Butthead and hundreds of other magically christened landmarks in the Sierra. Thus, at an age when most other men are already well grooved to the comfy custom-tailored of their city chairs, Norman Clyde at 76 is quite literally in search of new heights to conquer, new horizons to survive. As he complains earnestly, there are simply too few places left. "You pick

a first ascent of the mountain's precipitous east face in 1911—when he was 35.

Finally, the surviving mountain man is face to face with the ironic nuisance that he has become a curiosity to the very people he once sought to leave behind and who now are drawn to him. Greenways touch his sleeve in wonder and say, "What's that?" "That's just" "I've caught up with a legend." Children stand back, a little in awe, a little in terror when Clyde shuffles by with his bent-knee gait, wearing his frayed costume with its decidedly lived-in look. (Personal daintiness is not Norman Clyde's long suit, but in one particular he excels even in the most remote backcountry, where another man says the hell with it, he shaves daily in the snow-cold waters of the mountain streams, an ordeal

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Sierra Nevada Legend *continued*

all others had given up; and how, despite all, he has no fear of failing himself. "I'm a phlegmatic old devil," he says. "I can't worry about this and that happening."

Norman Clyde may then confide that altogether he must have made 1,500 mountain ascents of which at least 500 were first ascents; that carloads of tourists stranded by winter snows owe their lives to him; that the California Academy of Sciences depends upon him for its census of wildlife in this area; and that he once caught 300 trout in 30 days to prove—well, to prove what a first-class fisherman he was. (He still is; not long ago, while instructing a neophyte in fly-fishing techniques, his reel came loose and fell into two feet of water. It was two fabled-must later before Clyde bothered to fetch it.)

Because his wants are simple, Clyde has been able to eke out living expenses all these years by living himself out as a climbing guide and, occasionally, by writing nature articles for West Coast magazines and newspapers. This summer, for example, he spent six weeks—at \$10 a week plus provisions—with an outing of the Sierra Club, an outdoors organization whose members share conservation philosophies and white-collar incomes. This particular camp of the club was situated in the Inyo Forest on the east fork of the middle fork of Bishop Creek, an accessible but isolated spot 10,500 feet up and eight miles from the nearest roadhead. Members rode in on horseback; Clyde walked in with a 35-pound pack. For the benefit of uninitiated materialists, the camp's staff included a botanist, a geologist and an experienced mountain climber. But with Norman Clyde along all three were somewhat superfluous.

Shoehorning a rock-climbing hike one morning the hikers ranged from little old ladies in cowboy pants to preschoolers in Merry Mites. Clyde led the way from the campsite to Baboon Lake ("a vulgar, hideous name for a beautiful body of water," Clyde said). As he picked the way over the gradually rising terrain, Clyde cited the names of the wild flowers underfoot—the orange Indian paintbrush, the purple owl's clover, the blue lupine, the yellow monkey flower—and he explained in copious detail why that concealing of variegated rock was flaked and broken, how this one was roughly buffed by a glacier crunching

over it 25,000 years ago. As the hikers listened, he extended his remarks to sketch in the whole geological history of the glaciated canyon they were in, told how it was scraped and shaped by the plastic ice, how the land was altered and the lakes and tarns sculpted out, and how, farther ahead, a remnant of glacial ice still cowered against the side of Mount Thompson. To round out the picture, he switched to zoology and delivered himself of definitive remarks on the area's wildlife, where it was and what it was probably up to at the moment. (Clyde's only failing in mountain lore is his inability to navigate campfires. One black night this summer, as a Sierra Club camper was brushing her teeth, she froze at the approach of a bear in the underbrush. "Pardon me," said the bear, "I think I'm off the path.")

Just a ramshackle shack

For a man whose home is as big as all outdoors, it is perhaps not surprising that when Norman Clyde must descend into the Owens Valley in dead winter, he is content to serve out his term in a make-do, makeshift shelter; for him, after all, it is merely temporary. Consequently, his ramshackle, un electrified, unroofed shack in Big Pine, Calif., is no more than a house, made invisible in 20 pages by a dense thicket. About the only signs of order within it, indeed, are trails that Clyde has hacked out through his accumulation of clothes, camping equipment and books. But it is also here that Clyde chips out his nature columns in Victorian prose, and the very recall of the places he has been and the things he has seen the past summer must help relieve the oppressive surroundings.

"I know so much about the mountains," he says, "that I think it would be useful to others if I could pass it along in an appetizing way. I only worry I can never bring to writing the flavor, the beauty and the appeal of the mountains, and that I can't put into words the grandeur that they possess for me. Trouble is too I read too darned much to get much done."

Inevitably, of course, Clyde must descend the mountains for good, when he is beyond enduring their physical rigors. Then, perhaps, there will be time aplenty for his reading and his writing. But the notion has no appeal for him. How long would he last in the unaccustomed confines of a year-round house? "Frankly," says Norman Asa Clyde, "I can't say as how I'd give a damn."

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

PRO BASKETBALL NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

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BOXING NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

CRICKET NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

FOOTBALL NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

GOLF NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

HOCKEY NEW YORK: A UNCLE SAM's photo of Bill Russell on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956. Russell was named Most Valuable Player of the National Basketball Association in 1956.

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and on stolen bases, earned Willie Mays for a batting record of 1.414 in 1951, 16 times, earning the nickname "The Great Wall of China."

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FACES IN THE CROWD



JANE ELLEN SMALL, Miss America and daughter of president of the U.S. Pony Training Assoc., won a pony training mark, riding Rocco, 15.2, for the half-mile. Jane, riding-west-hill, won her first task in 1951. If it is necessary, riding driver with drive.



EMORY THOMAS, 19, of the Gifford (N.J.) Boys' Club, who shot his first arrow 11 months ago and has hit two 51 bulls from 40 yards, finished second in state archery match at Philadelphia. A budding scientist, he had a basketball rock at Newark airport.



CONSTANCE WILLIAMS, 26-year-old Century (N.J.) College graduate, was named assistant general manager for Philadelphia Phillies. Her brother, Constance Williams, is a professional baseball player. She has a feeling of playing on a contract team.



HARRY EDWARDS, 26-year-old president of a Hamilton, Ont., model-making firm, fired a shot in 1918 in a volley, won 41 years before firing his first shot, bagged a 1,000-pound mouse without notice. "How to use a gun when you come back to me," he said.



JANE SMITH, 22, a beauty from Tulsa, Okla., won a 1918 in a volley, won 41 years before firing his first shot, bagged a 1,000-pound mouse without notice. "How to use a gun when you come back to me," he said.



DON SCHWALL, 23, 6-foot-10, 210-pound right-handed, signed in a 1918 in a volley, won 41 years before firing his first shot, bagged a 1,000-pound mouse without notice. "How to use a gun when you come back to me," he said.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

18. 1918 in a volley, won 41 years before firing his first shot, bagged a 1,000-pound mouse without notice. "How to use a gun when you come back to me," he said.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STOPS FOR THOUGHT

Sir:

Whoever selected the best of the "all-round college athletes" obviously chose men from different universities in order to give us the mixes and thereby neglected some of the true greats. ("High Tens: Top Stop and Think," Oct. 16). For instance, only one man, Pat Richter of Wisconsin, was named from the Big Ten area. It is ridiculous to have this superb sports area as good as neglected. The University of Michigan, for example, has two candidates who should rate mention. They are Bennie McRae, swift fullback, and All-American candidate who is also the Big Ten low-and-high hurdles champion, and Scott Macnae, first man in Michigan history ever to letter in football, basketball and tennis the same year. He is a

Sir:

Why wasn't Lance Alworth included? He runs the 100 in 9.6 and plays college baseball, and the people here in Arkansas think he is a great back.

DREW POWERS

Newport, Ark.

Sir:

Mike Hunter of Missouri?

JOHN SERRANO

Tamilton, Mo.

Sir:

I agree: Terry Baker is definitely the best all-round college athlete.

ALAN MARCUS

New York City

DOUBLE PLAY

Sir:

The shot of Cleto Beyer stopping Cincinnati's Fisch Hiner Dick Gornert's eighth-inning hard bouncer for the third out in the first game of the World Series was one of the two best action pictures I have ever seen ("The Fanless" Snappers, Oct. 16). Oddly enough, the other one was an action shot of his brother, Ken Beyer, taken in an All-Star Game which you covered a few years back (SR, July 23, 1956).

FRANK E. SULLIVAN

South Bend, Ind.

GO

Sir:

Roy Terrell's *Supercharged Entry* is the



YANKEE CLETO BEYER'S BEST WORLD SERIES PLAY CLOSELY MATCHES BROTHER KEN'S GREAT KNUCK ROBERTY IN 1956 ALL-STAR GAME

football end, basketball forward and led tennis to a Big Ten championship.

HERGOWAN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

You snail not only your readers but at least half a dozen athletes who are more deserving than Terry Baker.

How could you possibly bypass Detroit's big "Double D" Dave DeBusschere?

FORREST SMITH JR.

Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

Baker is not yet in the same class as Idaho's Reginald Carolina or Texas' Jimmy Saxon.

DR. C. L. CHERRY

Alameda, Calif.

BB BACKFIRE

Sir:

Your Mr. Wright should be commended for his fine article *How Does the Shotgun*, Oct. 16, but he neglected to mention how the three failed against our Green Bay Packers. The shotgun offense has been about as effective as a BB gun. As the Packers have shown on five consecutive Sundays now, the old T formation, run as Bart Starr does it, is pretty rough to beat.

JACK H. HANSEN

Tonawack, Wn.

Sir:

For sure the shotgun will soon backfire. And if it does, poor Coach Hickey will have to think of another reduction pattern.

TONY SERRANO

Drexel Hill, Pa.

AFL (Oct. 23) really hit the nail on the head.

San Diego has a football team, and we in Los Angeles (we) have a thing called future draft choices, who can't run, pass or block any better than the horns they have now.

The horrible part is that it's going to get worse.

A. R. (RUSO) BENNETT

Hollywood

SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

Sir:

The letter from Dave Pearline of White Bear, Minn. (19th Hole, Oct. 16) really riled my southern comrade with his statement that "America's best football is played outside of the South."

GUY DUNN JR.

Thomasville, Ga.

Sir:
It's a lie.

LEO J. MONTALBANO

New Orleans

Sir:
As far as big Michigan teams go, I have seen southern high school teams that play a rougher game of football than they do—and I'm from Michigan.

FRANCO PROCIEN

Atlanta

THE MOST

Sir:
Whoa, there, Roy Terrell. The "most famous college fight song ever written" (*More Rhythms in South Bend*, Oct. 9)? Did you ever hear a number called *Boola Boola*? *Lord Godfrey Anders*? *Flores of Michigan*? The *Orange and the Black*? Shall I go on?

SAMUEL DAVIS

Chicago

PHONE MAN

Sir:
It would be a blessing to the sports fan if there were only one (or even two) George Preston Marshall (40) *Along by the Telephone*, Oct. 16). Unfortunately, several like him come to mind. They all have one thing in common: they are much too busy counting the bawse to pay any attention to the quality of the merchandise.

HENRY H. SCHMIDT

Watervliet, N.Y.

Sir:
The photo of the picketing *Nazis* puts Mr. Marshall in appropriate company. Congratulations, Stewart Udall.

EDWARD FELLERS

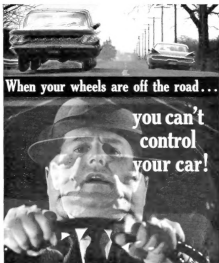
Miami Beach, Fla.

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PAT ON THE BACK



MRS. ALFRED MOSS

How not to worry

What do you do—as a mother—if your boy is a champion race driver and your girl is constantly risking her neck driving sports cars or jumping horses? The answer, if you happen to be the mother of Pat and Stirling Moss, is: stay home and polish their trophies.

Philosophical Aileen Moss has no idea how many cups her daring and talkative offspring have won, "and," she says, "I'm not about to count them." Bowls, shields, candlesticks, platters, even a

silver flower or two, the trophies line the stairway, the halls and every room of the Moss house in Hertfordshire. Mrs. Moss patiently polishes them all and has even found a use for some of them: "I keep the dog's ball in one and use two others as biscuit barrels."

The one thing Mrs. Moss will not tolerate is challenge cups. "I'll take care of any kind of trophy that the children win outright," she says, "but not trophies they might have to give back."



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